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TIME

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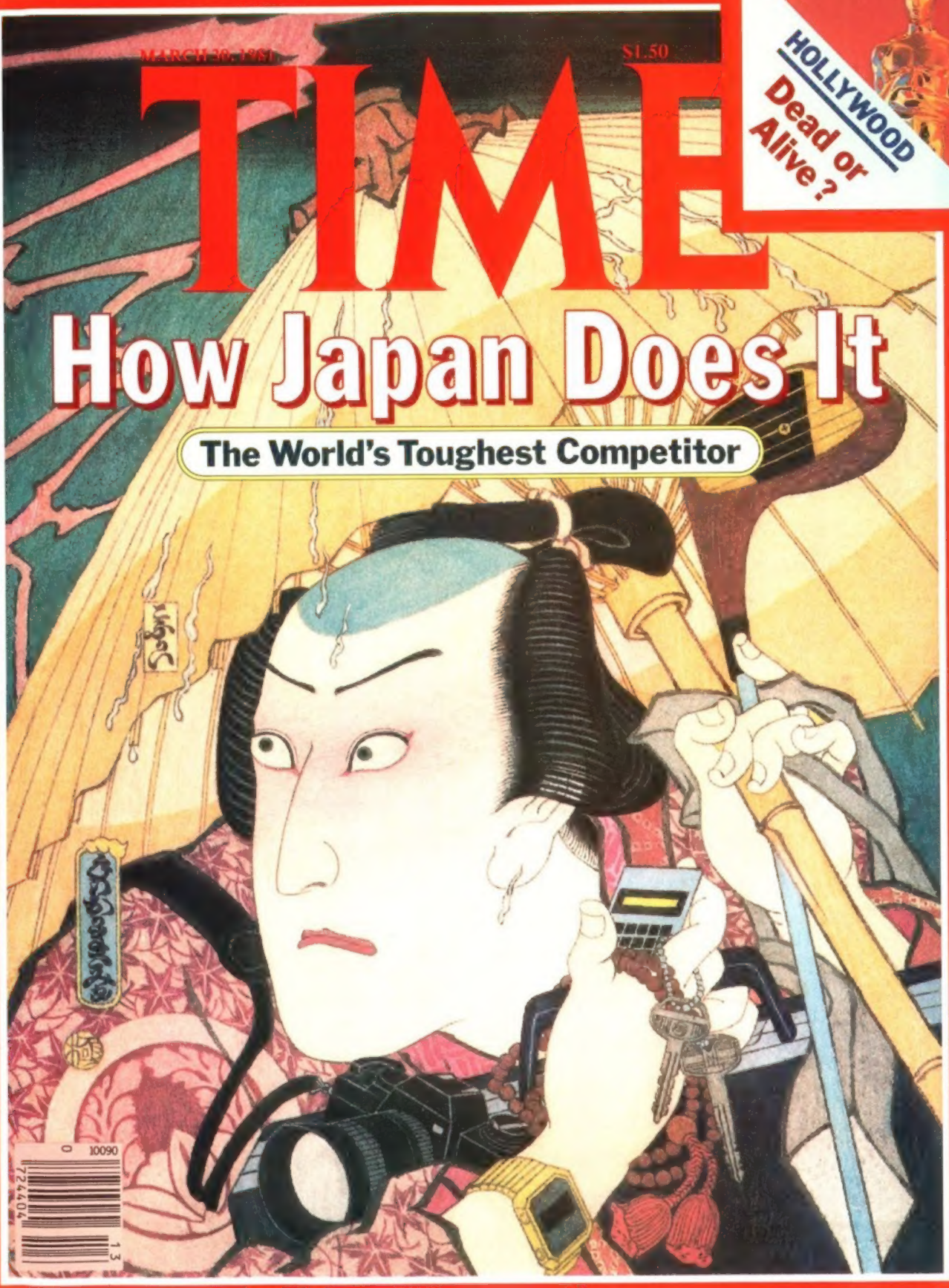
Dead or Alive?

How Japan Does It

The World's Toughest Competitor



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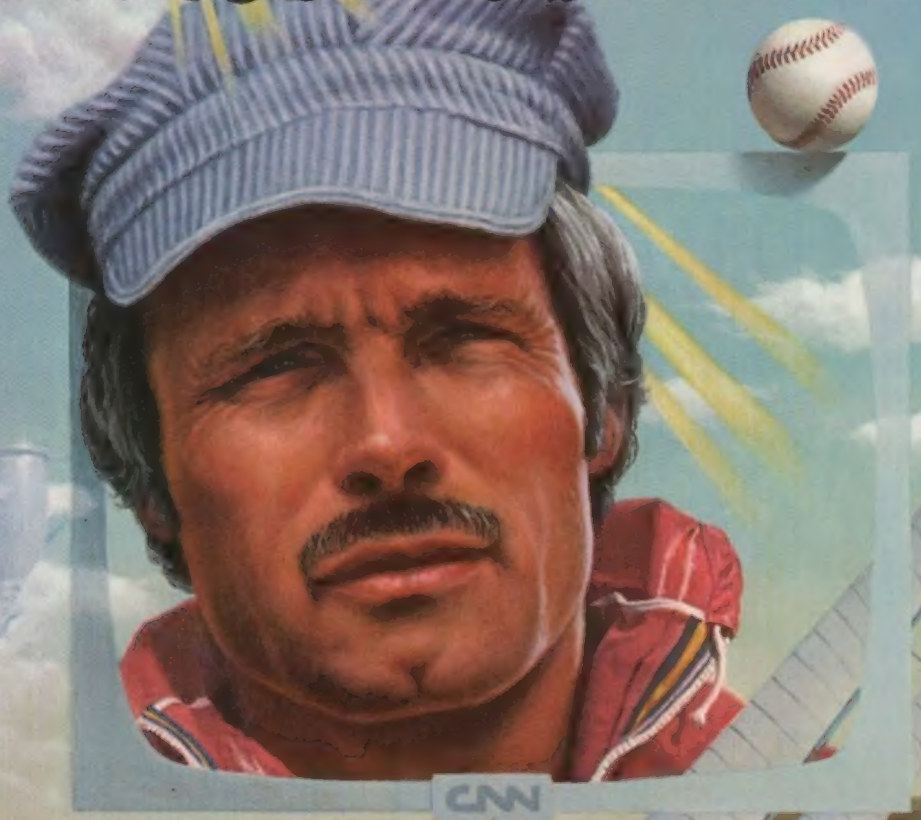
HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.



Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

Ted Turner puts his feelings where his mouth is. He also puts a great scotch there: Cutty Sark. And while he's been called Captain Outrageous by some, one thing's sure: Ted Turner's enjoying himself.

Lettick

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MARCH 30, 1981 Vol. 117 No. 13

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Journalists are taught to cover all sides of a story, but rarely can they do it as thoroughly as TIME's Edwin Reingold. From 1969 to 1971, he was Tokyo bureau chief, chronicling the early days of Japan's economic boom. He was reassigned as chief of our Detroit bureau in 1971, just when fuel-efficient Japanese cars were beginning to vex U.S. automakers. Returning to head the Tokyo bureau in 1978, he found Japan's economy in full flower. Reingold's split-screen perspective on the U.S. and Japan proved to be invaluable in reporting this week's cover story. Says he: "Since auto imports are the major focus of contention between the two great trading partners now, comparing how things are done here and in the U.S. has become something of a journalistic preoccupation."

MASACHIKA SUHARA

Chang, Reingold and Iwama in Tokyo

For Correspondents S. Chang and Frank Iwama, working on a cover story with Reingold was just like old times. The three collaborated on three covers during Reingold's first stint in Japan. This time Chang spent two days at the Matsushita Co. in Osaka and visited a Honda manufacturing plant in Marysville, Ohio. He was struck by how the Japanese cling to their cultural past. Says Chang: "For all its Western façade, Japan remains essentially Eastern." Iwama, who joined the Tokyo bureau in 1949, interviewed Japanese business executives for this week's story. Says he: "They used to poor-mouth their economy, but after surviving the international turbulence of the 1970s, they are proud of Japan's economic resilience."

In New York, Reporter-Researcher Robert Grieves met with Japanese businessmen and Japan scholars. Grieves, who studied Asian history at Hamilton College and Columbia University before coming to TIME in 1979, was impressed by the businessmen's polite and meticulous ways. Says Grieves: "When I talked to a Japanese executive, he usually had an assistant there to handle all the details." The cover story was edited by Senior Editor George Taber and written by Associate Editor Christopher Byron. Says Byron: "The Japanese have built their entire culture on contradictions, but at the core is the notion that teamwork pays dividends. It's an idea that most Americans are now ready to relearn."

John a. Meyer

Index

Cover: Painting by Masami Teraoka.

54
Cover: First it was ships and steel. Now the Japanese have conquered markets for autos, televisions, stereos and watches. How have they managed to become the world's toughest competitors? *See* ECONOMY & BUSINESS.

12
Nation: Despite 30 million riders daily, America's mass transit systems are rumbling to ruin—and no aid is in sight. ▸ The Senate outcuts Reagan's budget. ▸ Haig blasts Soviet aggression around the world. ▸ Poletown's plight.

66
Cinema: With runaway budgets, sagging profits and a crisis of conscience, Hollywood is in trouble. Have directors like Francis Coppola and Steven Spielberg destroyed the movie industry? Or are they just the ones to save it?

32
World
Blackmail and surrender score a victory for terrorism in the Pakistan skyjacking. ▸ On antiguerrilla patrol in El Salvador. ▸ Polish police attack striking farmers, and a delicate truce is strained. ▸ The squatters' war spreads in West Germany. ▸ Coke is up among U.S. Army troops in West Germany.

6
American Scene
At San Francisco's Café Babar, a good, dull idea becomes so popular that it turns out to be downright exasperating.

77
Religion
Mormon Prophet Joseph Smith's newly discovered testament touches off a debate on who is his true spiritual heir.

51
Education
A 17-year-old math whiz outwits the testmakers by proving that his officially "wrong" answer is really right.

78
Living
The wild cactus may not have the appeal of a bald eagle or a baby blue whale, but it is America's latest endangered species.

65
Theater
Playwright Edward Albee's adaptation of Novelist Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* is less a tribute than a kiddie-porn travesty.

81
Books
A Soviet detective tracks an American killer in *Gorky Park*. ▸ *Creation* is Gore Vidal's latest look at the past imperfect.

73
Music
It was Verdi week at Lincoln Center: a handsome production of *La Traviata* at the Met and the early *Attila* at City Opera.

85
Essay
Slips of the tongue, spoonerisms and other verbal mishaps can bring mayhem, political crises and wild historical laughter.

76
Show Business
With her film career becalmed after 39 years, Liz Taylor ventures onto the stage in *The Little Foxes* and suddenly soars.

2 Letters
47 Press
48 Law
52 Sport
53 People
86 Milestones

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Letters

Genetic Gold

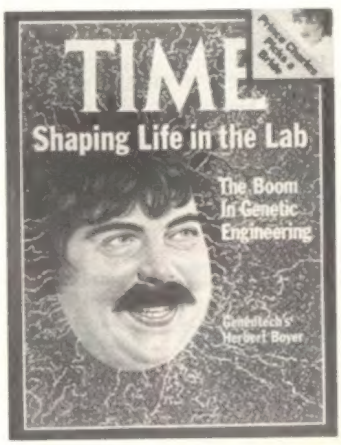
To the Editors:

Let's hope that gene splicing [March 9] produces happier results than the offspring of some previous discoveries of science and industry. We can do without the equivalents of thalidomide, vinyl chloride, PCB, dioxin, napalm and hydrogen bombs. Genetic engineers have not yet shown themselves to be more reliable or mindful of the outcome of their creations than their industrial predecessors.

Jeffrey Boone Miller
San Francisco

The gene splicers have let the genie out of the bottle. But they will not bring peace or prosperity. For if bacteria can consume oil spills in peace, they can certainly eat an enemy's fuel supply in war. In a nation already at the mercy of its energy supply, what better way to be destroyed by a foe?

Gerald E. Anderson
Los Angeles



I thought I was quite well informed
on genes and chromosomes.
I know somewhat of E. coli, *of*
Mendel's laws and clones.
I know recombinant DNA,
interferon, double helix and
such,
But gene splicing makes it very
clear I sure don't know so
much.
This genetic engineering, with its
adenine, cytosine,
Hybridomas and lambda phage,
thymine and guanine—
Why disturb my microbial
balance, or give orders to my
cells
To duplicate and replicate
whatever biotechnology tells?
I didn't know my plasmids were
engaged in replication.
Or obsessed with "sexual
dalliance" that they term
conjugation!
With just unisex, it was bad

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Letters

enough: why, the only ways and means
Of sorting out the boys from girls
was by lowering their genes.
Charles D. Perry
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

If genetic engineers can find the key to growing new teeth, they will have done a great deed for humankind.
William Morgan
New York City

Judging the Lady

The charges and verdict in the Jean Harris case seemed harsh [March 9]. If she and Tarnower had been ordinary people, she would not have been convicted of second-degree murder. Jean Harris' position in society convicted her. What good is it to put Mrs. Harris behind bars for 15 years? She is no threat to anyone.
Betty Simon
Canton, Ga.

Does Mrs. Harris' high social standing and upper-class background make Dr. Tarnower's murder any less a crime? Many women survive bad affairs, withstanding mental, even physical abuse, without murdering their former lovers.
Annette M. Rose
Syracuse

Dr. Tarnower was responsible for Jean Harris' jealousy, which is a moderate form of insanity. When she shot Tarnower, she was mildly insane and should not have been found guilty of murder.
Ernest G. Pihl
Arlington, Mass.

American Renewal

I am an American student in Taiwan. After reading American Renewal [Feb. 23], I felt that I was not alone in having faith in the recovery of our nation. Admittedly, the U.S. has many problems, but the American system is based on sound concepts. Perhaps all Americans should spend time living in a completely different culture. They would achieve a greater awareness of America's resources, both natural and human.
Elizabeth Knup
Taipei

The section on rebuilding our foreign policy wisely urges resumption of SALT talks and détente. But it then demands more arms, more CIA intervention and the draft.

For the past 35 years, every advance in weaponry by the U.S. has caused the Soviet Union to follow suit. Then the hawks cry, "They are trying to pass us! More arms!" So the peril of annihilation escalates and security diminishes. We should be negotiating disarmament, not finding excuses for further delay.

Why should we have more of the CIA's dirty tricks? They toppled popular governments and substituted oppressive dictatorships in Iran, Guatemala and Chile, thus earning for America the hatred of freedom-loving people in those countries and elsewhere. Why should we fan anti-Soviet paranoia by implying that only they commit "brazen and brutal" aggression, as in Afghanistan. In recent years the U.S. has intervened militarily in the Dominican Republic and in Viet Nam to impose governments favorable to us. We do not need a renewed imperialist image but a people-loving image.
Benjamin Spock, M.D.
Rogers, Ark.

The special undertaking by all of Time Inc.'s magazines dealing with American Renewal was like a breath of fresh air. Renewal of the American ethos is the linchpin of Western survival. People everywhere need to focus on renewal for the whole of Western civilization. However, we must recognize that the indispensable detonator is renaissance within America itself.
Jim Cameron, M.P.
Parliament of New South Wales
Carlingford, Australia

TIME's otherwise excellent reporting on American Renewal was unduly pessimistic about the threat of Communism. The workers of the world have not united, at least not under the same banner. The Soviet Union has very few allies anywhere in the world—far fewer than the U.S. It has satellites populated by increasingly restless populations and dissidents and, in the case of China, the Soviets have a massive and hostile neighbor.
Gordon Ackerman
Helsinki

Mebane's Memoirs

I would like to thank Mary Mebane for her vivid and thorough descriptions of black life in the South before the civil rights revolution [March 2]. The shame that is caused by the remembrance of this period is the best medicine for preventing history from repeating itself.
Bardia Besharat
Canoga Park, Calif.

Mary Mebane's rhetoric of past injustice and special privilege in our society during the '40s reminded me of my introduction to black people. I grew up in rural South Dakota, where blacks were seldom seen. Then I joined the Navy. I knew of no reason not to sit by a black man on a city bus in Norfolk, Va. Consequently I was astounded when the black passengers screamed "White trash!" and "Move up where you belong!" On the other hand, the whites seemed content with casting hateful looks in my direction.

I am happy that progress has been made. I hope that writers will stop reminding us of an angry past, so that race will no longer interfere with friendship. It's all been said before.
H. Clyde Van Sickle
Watertown, S. Dak.

My Friend Walter

When our son was not quite three, he created an imaginary playmate to help him cope with the stress of a new sister. For two years we listened to the stories of their adventures. We had good reason not to doubt our son and his friend. He called his steadfast companion Walter Cronkite [March 9].
Susan Bernhard
Las Vegas

First White House Guest

In "More Signals to the World" [Feb. 16], you referred to President Chun Doo Hwan of South Korea as the first ruling foreign visitor to the Reagan Administration. The first was Jamaica's Prime Minister Edward Seaga.
Susan J. Wong
Miami
Prime Minister Seaga is head of government, not head of state.

Detroit *vs.* Japan

I did not break my back campaigning for the Republicans in order to see them propose quotas on imported automobiles [March 9]. Secretary of Transportation Drew Lewis should realize that any limits on auto imports will once again put us into the greedy hands of Detroit. The American auto buyer needs protection against Detroit—not Japan.
George G. Daniels
Orlando, Fla.

It's How You Say It

You say about Jane Doe who has lost her memory [March 2] that "no regional accent distinguishes her speech." All speakers have regional characteristics. Does Jane pronounce a final and a preconsonantal *r*, such as in *cart* or *charge*? If she does, she does not come from most of the Atlantic Coast. However, if she does not pronounce the final *r*, she is also not from the Midwest or Far West. Does she pronounce *merry* and *marry* alike or differently? If alike, she comes from the upper Midwest. Does she pronounce *morning* and *mourning* alike or differently? If differently, she is from the Atlantic Coast, the Southeast or Texas. I suspect that her speech may be either Floridian or Midwestern.
Archibald A. Hill, Professor Emeritus
English and Linguistics
University of Texas at Austin

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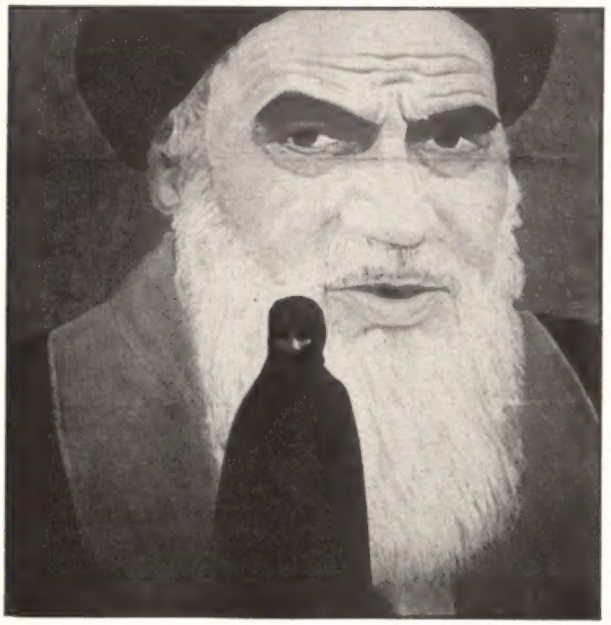

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American Scene

In California: The Life and Death of a Good Joke

Don't mess around with Mother Irony, they tell one another now at the Café Babar. When the phone rings, no one wants to answer it. Although it is more than a year since Joe Troise and Bill Glanting and the others had their big idea, the caller is more than likely to be some reporter or talk-show crocodile wanting to know about the Dull Men's Club. Dullness had everyone excited there for a while, and it kept things jumping among the regulars at the café, a neighborhood beer-and-sandwich joint in San Francisco's Mission District. Now everyone is bored, though. The T shirts finally came, but no one feels like wearing them. Dullness has lost its madcap charm.

"It just sort of petered out," says Glanting, who was publicity chairman of the club back when it needed one. There is silence. The reporter writes down Glanting's remark. More silence. Glanting is finding it hard to get up steam. He has been interviewed so often that his tape heads are gummed. He can no longer recite the club motto—"Dare to be dull." Lines like "We're out of it and proud of it" and "There's nothing wrong with being an ordinary stupid guy" no longer come trippingly to his tongue.

JANET FRIES

Dull Men's Club officers, properly attired, in San Francisco's Café Babar

Ah, but in the beginning ... He and Troise and half a dozen of their friends were sitting around the café on a night like any other night, waiting for Boswell and Dr. Johnson to arrive, when the talk turned to the frantic trendiness of U.S. society. Go to a cocktail party, someone said, and everybody's talking about manipulating the money market, or parachute jumping, or that group therapy where everybody sits nude in a big tub of Wesson Oil. Yeah, said another citizen, there you are in your clean bowling shirt and they all want to go to the roller disco. "People think they have to be able to discuss everything, enjoy everything. They have an irrational impulse to be interesting." (The quotation was so good Troise later used it in his International Dull Day proclamation last Oct. 16.) That was the kind of folderol that used to fill the air of the Café Babar.

"Shall we, the good and dull of the earth, attempt to compete with the attention getters?" "Hurray for meat loaf!" "People who hang-glide are nuts!" "Yeah, you know what's fun, by God? Petting your dog, tuning up the old Chevy Nova." "More beer!" "Beer here!"

Lightning had struck the primal soup. A collection turned up $3 for a classified ad in a newspaper called the San Francisco *Bay Guardian*, and the Dull Men's Club was on its way to becoming as fashionable as the All-Booze Diet or neoconservatism. "Write for information," said the ad. Amazingly, seven or eight people instantly did. One sufferer admitted that hot tubs made his bathing trunks pucker. Someone else cried out in the night: "Help! I'm tired of being the star of the show, the life of the party. Stop me before it's too late!" The Babar plotters bought another ad, this one offering a club membership and a lavish brochure for $5. Troise, an auto mechanic in his mid-30s, composed a mimeographed, both-sides-of-one-page exhortation titled "Lavish Brochure." At one time Glanting, 30, had a little success as a stand-up comic in clubs around San Francisco. Now he works for a coffee company. But he did the spoken interviews that were beginning to be requested by a few radio stations.

"Publicity would build for a while, then die out," Glanting recalls. But each wave was bigger than the last. At first the clamor came from small FM stations, then the Knight newspapers wire service, then a huge AM station in North Carolina, "then some station in Detroit, they called me at about 11:30 one night and I was plotzed, then local television." For a while, Troise says, the club became a monster that wouldn't die. Glanting was doing as many as six interviews a day. He had a spiel worked up: "It's the decade of the dull. Mountains are dull, birds are dull, flowers are dull, they don't hang around in fern bars trying to impress people." The producers of *To Tell the Truth* flew Glanting to Manhattan, where, he says, it felt a little odd to meet "some guy from a beer-tasting club who was going through the same kind of media ride."

Dullness had struck a chord, as home truths occasionally do, but at the Café Babar they needed new material. One of the TV networks got hold of Troise, who, improvising with some desperation, said that the club was going to create a Pantheon of Dull Heroes in—here he reached into his skull at random for the name of a small town—Carroll, Iowa.

Some people in Carroll, a corn-country town of about 9,000 inhabitants, were miffed, but some weren't. Glanting took time off from work, flew to Carroll, and with the enthusiastic help of the town's Chamber of Commerce, invested the "pantheon"—a small concrete structure in a cornfield—with a rusty barbecue grill, some worn-out tires, and pictures of such dull heroes as William Bendix, Hugh Beaumont (the father in *Leave It to Beaver*), Alan Hale Jr. (the skipper in *Gilligan's Island*) and Walter Mondale.

By now, national renown was beginning to seem like work. Club membership had crept past 450, including a proud contingent from Carroll. Most were men, despite club advocacy of a Dull Rights Amendment for feminists (women don't seem to be comfortable with dullness, says Troise). Printing and mailing costs ate up the income. The organizers figure they made about $100 apiece. "We futzed around with T shirts for a while," says Glanting, but the only size that sold was extra large, and "who wants to have ten gross of T shirts in his living room?" Glanting was losing money skipping work, and he says that he turned down requests for appearances from Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow* show and Dr. Joyce Brothers.

At the Café Babar the other night, Troise came cautiously to the phone and said yes, they were trying to give the club a decent burial. "Don't use my address, O.K.?" There was a good deal of commotion in the background, and the caller asked Troise whether the noise was creative ferment. Well, as a matter of fact, Troise admitted, he and a friend were trying to mobilize the nation's pets to solve the energy crisis. "Put the little beggars on treadmills." Did the movement have a slogan? "Sure: 'It's not enough to be cute any more.' "

—By John Skow

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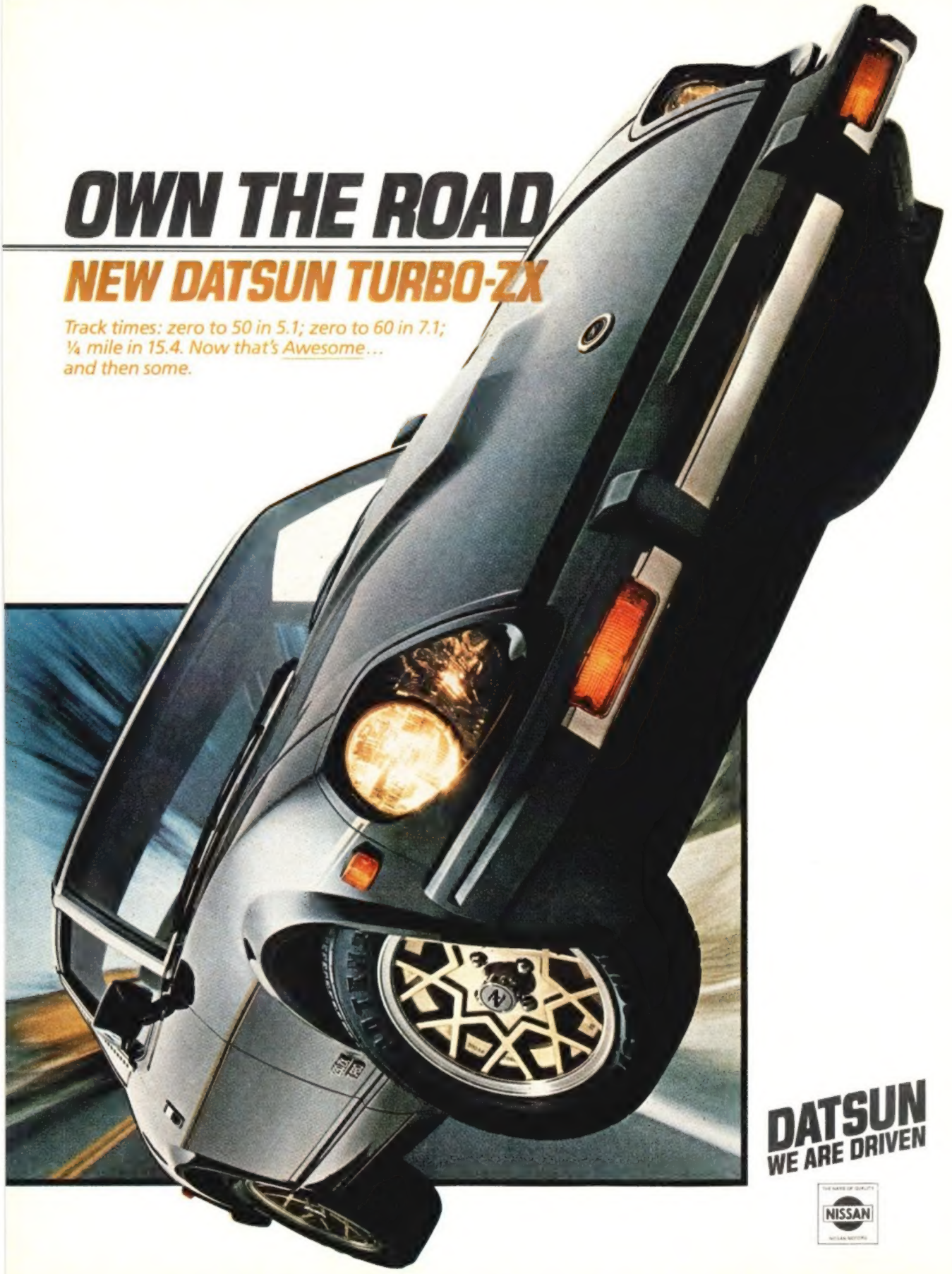
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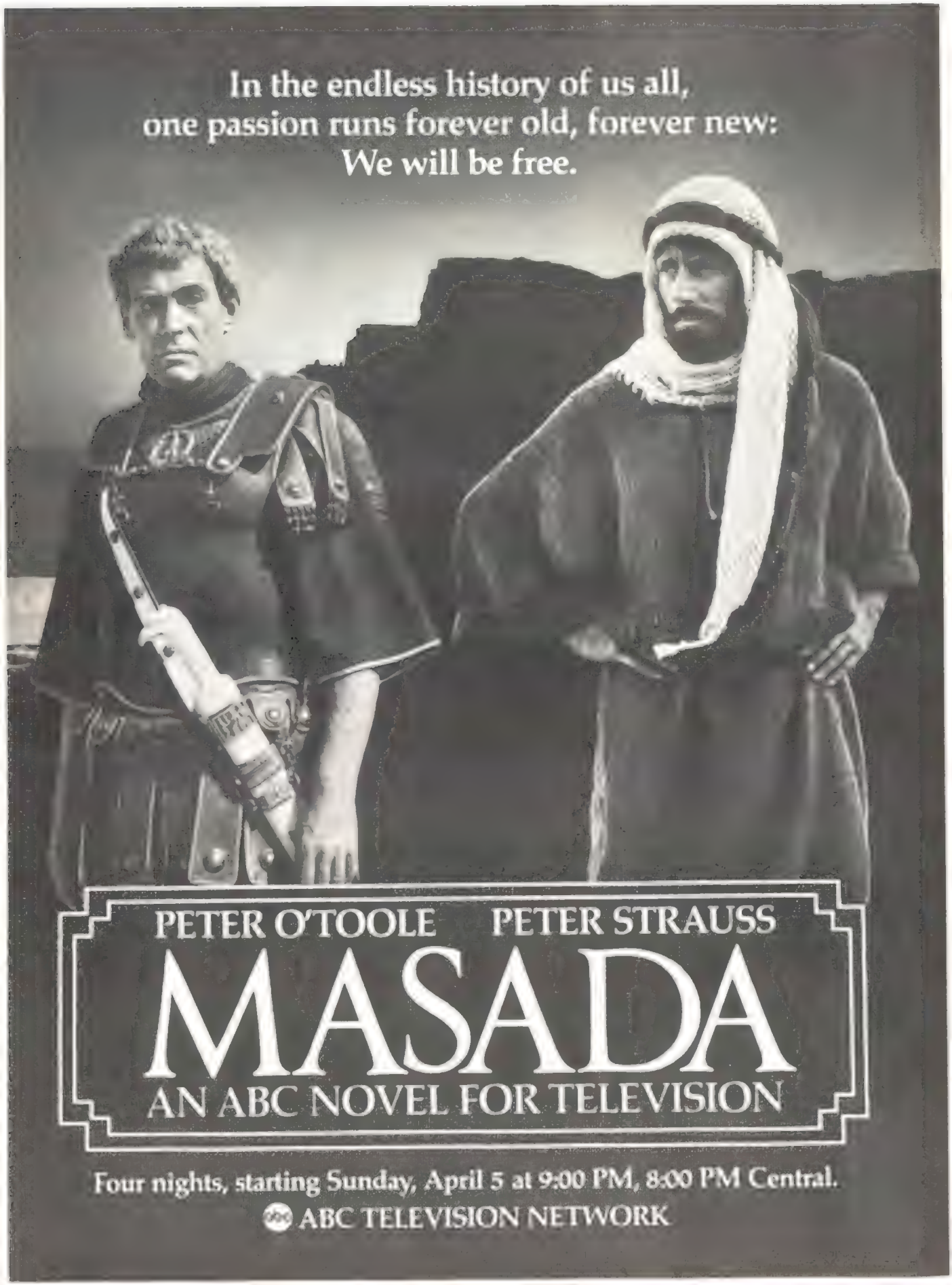
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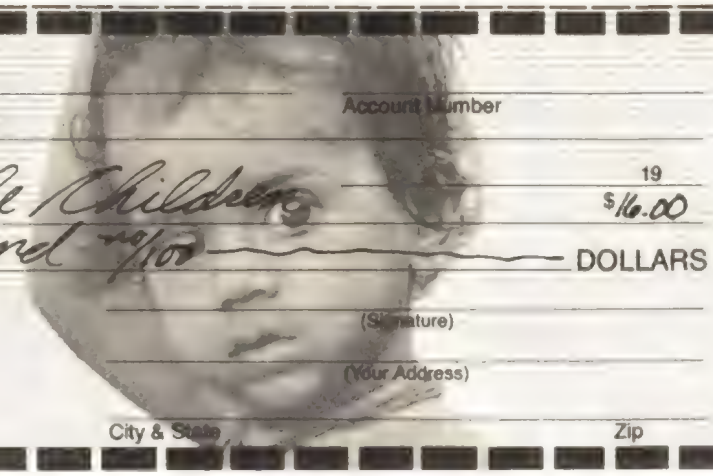

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☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either

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☐ **Where the need is greatest**
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☐ Indonesia
☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Lebanon
☐ Mediterranean
☐ Mexico
☐ Nepal
☐ Southern States (U.S.)
☐ Sri Lanka (Ceylon)

3 Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?
Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire.
☐ Yes ☐ No

4 Would you like to correspond with your sponsored child?
If desired, correspondence can help build a meaningful one-to-one relationship. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children.
☐ Yes ☐ No

5 Would you like information about the child's community?
Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on community activities to benefit your sponsored child. These community reports show how your money is being used most effectively for permanent improvements to the child's environment—for health care, education, food production, nutrition, and community training. Would you like to receive such information?
☐ Yes ☐ No

6 Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?
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☐ Yes ☐ No
(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)

7 Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor at this time?
☐ Yes, enclosed is my contribution of $_____.
☐ Check here for general information about our unique programs for aiding impoverished children.

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TIME MARCH 30, 1981

Rumbling Toward Ruin

America's mass transit is a shambles, and no help is in sight

Nearly 30 million people ride subways, buses, trolleys or commuter trains every weekday in the U.S. Yet everywhere mass transit is either stalling or rumbling inexorably toward ruin. Items

▸ In Philadelphia last week, a bumper-to-bumper procession of cars, sometimes ten miles long, inched into the city while subways, buses and trolleys stood idle, sidelined by a strike of 5,000 transit workers, the fourth such in six years. Thousands of commuters from the city's outskirts tried to get downtown via Conrail, but that overtaxed railroad line had to leave hundreds stranded on platforms. Some of the 400,000 Philadelphians who rely on public transit took to bicycles to get to work. The strike, sparked by union protests over the hiring of part-time help and a decision to require maintenance workers to pass proficiency tests, is costing the city $3 million a day in business and keeping 15% of schoolchildren at home

▸ In Birmingham, the bus system has been shut down for more than three weeks because of insufficient funding. Some 30,000 riders have been affected, and the school system has signed a contract with the Yellow Cab Co. to provide transportation until the end of the school year. The only proposed solution to the shutdown: nearly halving the 43 routes to 22 and operating only from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., weekdays, a 65% cutback in daily service.

▸ In Chicago, the nation's second largest

During Philadelphia's transit strike (above), rush-hour mobs wait for commuter trains, and cars jam the center of the city

transit system (1 million subway, el and bus passengers a day) is going flat broke while the state legislature bickers over funding. Businesses and commuters are already reserving hotel rooms, forming car pools and making other contingency plans for a shutdown that could come as early as this week.

▸ Boston, which closed down its entire transit system for 26 hours last December, has just enough money to operate its subways and buses (300,000 riders) through the fall. City officials have already been forced to lay off 100 of its 6,700 transit workers, and only narrowly averted a walkout last week by postponing the layoffs of an additional 220 employees

▸ In New York, whose transit system is the nation's largest (5 million daily users) and may also be its worst, already beleaguered straphangers were horrified to read headlines predicting a $1.55 fare by the summer of 1983 (*vs.* 60¢ today and 30¢ in 1970) in return for steadily deteriorating service in graffiti-sprayed cars

How did the U.S. transport itself into this mess? Three groups contributed mightily: pusillanimous politicians who refused to risk their constituents' wrath by asking for fare increases when they were unquestionably essential; inept managers who, despite in many cases handsome salaries and generous expense accounts, proved incapable of managing; and inflexible unions that pushed labor costs sky-high (they account for 77% of Chicago's operating expenses).

Aggravating the situation were a number of long-term trends. In the 1950s, transit ridership declined precipitously (*see chart*). Americans fell in love with the automobile, honeymooned on new highways and married into the suburbs. Subways and buses were not part of the post–World War II American dream. When the energy crisis hit in 1973, the country found that its railroad beds had deteriorated and its subways were falling apart. The Federal Government called for more efficient public transit and urged private companies to design a better bus (*see box*). Mass transit was going to be the methadone that would help America withdraw from its addiction to foreign oil. It would unclog crowded highways and improve the quality of air. Besides, it was an economic necessity: people needed a reliable means of getting to work without being exhausted in the process; businesses needed a way to get customers downtown.

Public transportation is in hot demand again, but today no one wants to pick up the tab. A decade ago, to lure people back to mass transit, city and state officials made the mistake of holding fares to unrealistically low levels. From 1970 to 1975, while inflation was rising nearly 40%, fares were not increased at all in many cities; in some, they actually decreased. Mass transit was the closest thing to a free ride.

As labor and energy costs continued to shoot up, fares generally were paying only about half the operating costs. Increased ridership actually exacerbated the problem: rush-hour crowds require heavier overhead, but do not generate enough revenue to cover all off-hour operations. A pattern emerged in which budget deficits were picked up by the Federal Government or, more often, the states. The politics of mass transit sharpened old rivalries: downstate *vs.* upstate, rural *vs* urban.

Like many U.S. voters, Ronald Reagan does not see urban mass transit as a high national priority. Says the President: "There is no reason for someone in Sioux Falls to pay federal taxes so that someone in Los Angeles can get to work on time by public transportation." Federal grants for major construction projects in 1981 will total $3.3 billion; operating subsidies, $1 billion. The Reagan Administration would like to limit, if not eliminate, this aid. High on the Reagan hit list is funding for any new mass transit projects (usually 80% federal, 20% state), throwing a wrench into planning in Los Angeles and Houston. Construction will proceed on projects already under way—subways in Atlanta and Baltimore, an elevated line in Miami. But some planned extensions are in jeopardy, and transit officials fear that many existing systems will be in trouble without federal help

Such fears could prove self-fulfilling Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis has indicated that he also favors slowly eliminating operating subsidies in order to force systems to become cost-effective. Says he: "We do not plan simply to walk away from the transit systems, because we realize that to do so would be to shut down most of them."

Although the average city gets only 13% of its operating budget from Washington, cutbacks are bound to mean rising transit fares, reduced services and greater demand for local and state subsidies. Such cutbacks will hurt small cities more than large ones. New York derives less than 10% of its operating expenses from federal subsidies, but Corpus Christi gets 69%, Grand Rapids 44% and Peoria 35%. Lewis contends that rehabilitating existing systems will be a top priority. Says he: "We're trying to em-

In Boston, a woman waits with a resignation typical of mass transit commuters until the train finally pulls into the Park Street station

Opposite: San Francisco's BART finds some light at the end of the tunnel (left); a school bus replaces a Grumman Flxible in Chicago; New York's "F" train stops in a decaying Brooklyn subway station.

phasize large cities, older cities over new systems."

Nowhere does a system need rehabilitation more than New York City. Its subways are a filthy, Dantesque netherworld, plagued not merely by delays (one train in every ten is late) but by violent crime (18 murders, 12,000 muggings, robberies and other felonies in the past year). The Metropolitan Transportation Authority (MTA) carries one of every six people using public transit in the entire nation. The city cannot function without it. During a ten-day strike last spring, New York firms lost about $100 million in sales each workday.

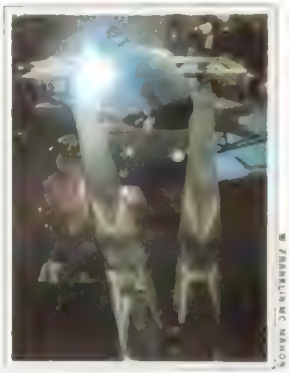
After the 1980 strike, the MTA, already running $400 million in the red, raised the fare from 50¢ to 60¢. Even without a cutback in federal funding, the price of a token could rise to $1 by summer. One survey shows that 50% of New York's riders would willingly pay the dollar if it would mean safer, more efficient service. But the higher fare is unlikely to bring any such improvements. Although the massive system would cost $55 billion to replace, only $300 million a year is being spent on rehabilitation and improvement, $700 million short of what experts say is needed. The Reagan focus on capital improvements may come just in time. Although the accepted life span of a subway car is 35 years, 567 of the MTA's 8,500 cars are more than 30 years old. About a quarter of them are out of service at any given time for maintenance. Soon after shiny new cars were introduced, they had to be withdrawn when they developed cracks in their undercarriages. Admits MTA Member Steven Berger: "The only way at this point to fix things is to shut down the system for a week and call in a faith healer."

To make matters still worse, New York has been facing a congressional mandate to equip subway stations and buses for the handicapped. The MTA estimates that this would cost $1.4 billion over the next 30 years, plus $100 million a year in operating funds. The Reagan Administration may relent and allow New York to provide special but separate facilities for the handicapped.

President Reagan, however, has reaffirmed support for Manhattan's Westway, a six-lane superhighway slated to run for 4.6 miles along the Hudson River. The highway, with an estimated price tag of $1.7 billion, would receive 90% of its funding from the Federal Government. New York City Mayor Edward Koch has blocked the project in an effort to get parallel funds from Albany for mass transit improvements or to get Governor Hugh Carey to ask Washington to trade in highway funds for transit money.

In Boston, the finance fight is becoming another Battle of Bunker Hill. Until citizens passed the tax-cutting Proposition 2½ in November, the state legislature

Can Anyone Fx Those Flxibles?



Welding an A-frame

When the Urban Mass Transportation Administration began planning the "bus of the future" in 1970, designers were full of ideas. The new bus would be attractive, roomy, comfortable —and low enough for the handicapped and elderly to board without difficulty. Flxible and General Motors came up with prototypes in 1973. With an eye toward saving fuel, the UMTA sent them back to the drawing board with an offer to pay $3 per bus for each pound they could remove from the vehicle's weight. In 1977 GM devised the RTS II, a flashy bus with clean lines and an optional wheelchair lift. Grumman, the company that built the lunar landing module, bought Flxible and produced a low-slung, 26,000-lb., 48-seat bus, complete with a kneeling mechanism for the handicapped and an electric sign that beamed HAVE A GOOD DAY. Grumman's Flxible 870 with its light 350-lb. A-frame undercarriage began rolling off the assembly line in April 1978.

More than 30 cities put in orders, from Hartford to Houston to Honolulu, for a total today of 4,250. But the cities should have been suspicious of the Flxible 870. After all, that missing *e* happened to stand for elasticity. Atlanta ordered the first Flxibles—134 at about $95,000 each—and defects, from faulty air conditioning to rickety engine mounts, have kept the maintenance department working overtime ever since. But the real shocker came in New York, the city of killer potholes. New York's Flxibles began rolling in time for last summer's Democratic National Convention, and quickly became known—for their darkly tinted, malevolent-looking fronts—as Darth Vader buses. They also won immediate notoriety for breaking down. By December the city had to take all 637 of its new buses out of service because of cracks in the supporting A-frames.

Grumman began dispatching repair crews throughout the country. New York had to lease 150 old buses from Washington. Chicago replaced 205 Flxibles with 100 old school buses. In Houston, where only about 275 of 475 Flxibles work on a given day, route expansion had to be halted. The prognosis is not encouraging. Grumman is repairing the A-frame by welding more than 200 lbs. of steel plates to the undercarriage. In New York last week, the first of the repaired Flxibles cracked again during stress tests. The repair process, once it is perfected, will take 36 hours. Grumman has set aside $7 million for the project.

The whole fiasco is making the Federal Government, which required cities to buy American vehicles to qualify for subsidies, get out of the bus business. Its requirement for wheelchair capabilities, for instance, added to the weight of the new buses and lowered their fuel efficiency. "It was like trying to build a camel by regulation," says a transportation lobbyist. Many cities are renovating GM's 1959-model "new look" bus, long the mainstay of public transportation. Notes a Chicago transit manager: "They're reliable and pretty much all the bugs were out of them." Other cities, including Atlanta, Seattle, Louisville and Los Angeles, are turning to foreign-made buses such as the West German M.A.N. and the Japanese Hino. Grumman, however, is standing by its bus of the future and doubling the original warranty to six years and 300,000 miles. That warranty, says a company spokesman, "will qualify us for the *Guinness Book of World Records*." So will the record of breakdowns.

Wounded Grumman Flxibles sit in a garage outside Chicago awaiting repairs

regularly bailed out the Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority (MBTA), which serves 79 communities. The 1981 MBTA budget was set at $6 million below the 1980 budget of $340 million, and already the system has exceeded its monthly allocations by nearly $2.4 million. At this rate, the MBTA will be broke by the fall.

Last week MBTA Director Barry Locke laid off 45 executives and 100 employees (not including 200 "door guards," who pull down as much as $33,000 a year for making sure that automatically operated doors open and close). Another 250 MBTA personnel are slated to be laid off April 3. Fares were doubled from a ridiculously low 25¢ to 50¢ last June. Locke had planned to eliminate Sunday service and school bus transportation but limited the cuts in the face of protests. Two subway stations have been shut for a saving of $294,000, and more stations are expected to be closed on weekends. But even those cuts will not be enough to keep the system solvent.

The Chicago Transit Authority (CTA) also has severe money problems. Chicago's bus drivers and motormen are the highest paid in the nation: $24,689 after 42 months. The CTA raised fares from 60¢ to 80¢ this January and promptly lost 6% of its riders. During the past two years the Federal Government has sent $143 million to help underwrite expenses, but such grants are bound to be cut. The projected deficit for 1981: $150 million.

Not all the crises involve antiquated subway systems. The prototype of modern transit, the San Francisco region's $1.7 billion, 71-mile Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART) has had problems as complex as its technology. Says American Public Transit Association Spokesman Al Engelken: "We were going to the moon in the '60s, and we figured we could just slap space-age technology into the subways. But what works on the moon doesn't always work in an urban environment." Indeed, BART's fully automated "train control system" was too finely tuned to withstand daily transit pressures and constantly broke down.

From the day it opened in 1972, BART never attracted enough passengers to pay its way. After a fire broke out in its high-technology San Francisco–Oakland tube beneath the bay in 1979, killing one and hospitalizing 40, ridership plummeted from 150,000 a day to 110,000. By 1979 losses were more than $6 million a year. A 1980 fare increase (from 30¢ to 50¢) sent another 8% of the riders scurrying elsewhere for transportation. By extending its hours from 8 p.m. to midnight, improving maintenance and getting trains to run pretty much on time, however, BART has now brought ridership up to 165,000 people.

New systems have benefited from BART's mistakes. The year-old San Francisco subway, which runs about 30 miles and cost only $333 million, shares tunnels with BART and daily transports 100,000 people without hitches. In Washington, D.C., the Metro has been a mass transit showcase. Stations with vaulted ceilings resemble underground cathedrals. Says Engelken: "It's accident-free, clean, safe and on time." But the system cost $71.3 million a mile (*vs.* BART's $22.5 million), and all of it was built at federal expense.

So far, 37 of Metro's planned 101 miles are finished, with work progressing rapidly on lines linking affluent Maryland and Virginia suburbs to downtown. Nearly 300,000 people ride it every day. But the graduated fare, ranging from 50¢ to $2.05, would have to be more than doubled to make the system pay for itself. Losses for 1981 are estimated to be $131.5 million. While the Reagan Administration has promised at least another 40 miles of Metro, the routes that would run through Washington's poorer black neighborhoods remain a low priority.

The Metro may turn out to be the Rolls-Royce of American mass transit. Because of its high cost, transit planners question whether many cities have a dense enough population to deserve "heavy rail" or underground transit. The Department of Transportation rejected Houston's request for a $1 billion heavy rail line last year. Detroit too is in limbo over a proposed 15-mile light railway system linking the city with its northern suburbs. Miami still gets funding for its $867 million, 21-mile elevated rail line, but its downtown "people mover" may fall victim to federal budget cuts.

The country's newest subway system, Atlanta's MARTA, opened its first twelve-mile segment in 1979 and is scheduled to operate a second segment from downtown to the new airport in 1985. The availability of federal funding will determine how much more of the $3 billion rapid-rail system gets built. In Baltimore, construction is half completed on an eight-mile rail line from downtown to the northwest suburbs, but the second leg, in an area where a 15-mile auto commute can take an hour, is in jeopardy. The projected cost of the undertaking: $958 million.

Even Los Angeles, land of the ubiquitous auto, has made what is proving to be an ill-timed move toward mass transit. With buses now moving 1.25 million riders a day, voters approved a .5% increase in the 6% sales tax last November to finance a metro rail system. One arm would have linked downtown Los Angeles' Union Station with North Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley, an 18-mile project costing $2 billion. Other plans called for a 2.9-mile downtown monorail "people mover" and two elevated systems along the Santa Ana Freeway corridor (17 miles) and the Harbor Freeway corridor (20 miles). With federal money drying up and Proposition 13 in effect, there is now little hope that such projects will be built.

One city in California is making do without federal funds by looking to the past. San Diego will resurrect its reliable old fixed-rail trolley system this summer. Using an existing railroad right-of-way, the city has upgraded the roadbed and laid new rails for a 16-mile run between downtown San Diego and the Mexican border. The cost: $5 million a mile, 7% of what the Washington Metro cost and 1.3% of what New York's Westway would cost. Featuring a $1 fare, the bright red "Tijuana Trolley" is expected to carry about 300,000 passengers a day. The funding comes from state gas taxes and the cars come from Germany.

Of course, trolley lines—even good ones—are hardly the answer to the nation's transit woes. And it is beyond dispute that, despite America's romance with the automobile, major U.S. cities —like major cities anywhere in the industrialized world—must have effective mass transit systems if they are to survive. The economics of OPEC and the hazards of air pollution leave no other choice. The question is not whether something should be done to make such systems work. The question is what should be done, and how urgently. *—By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Robert Geline/New York and David S. Jackson/Chicago, with other U.S. bureaus*

SICK SYSTEMS *total passengers in millions/adult cash fare*

	1950	1955	1960	1965	1970	1975	1980
New York[1]	2,334/10¢	1,778/15¢	1,782/15¢	1,830/15¢	1,667/30¢	1,469/35¢	1,321/60¢
Chicago	**1,325/15¢**	**990/20¢**	**847/25¢**	**792/25¢**	**661/45¢**	**650/45¢**	**692/80¢***
Philadelphia	828/12¢	622/18¢	568/22¢	419/25¢	274/30¢	314/35¢	330/65¢
Boston (subway; bus)	**494/15;10¢**	**288/20;15¢**	**256/20;15¢**	**265/20;10¢**	**254/25;20¢**	**245/25;20¢**	**280/50;25¢**
Detroit	332/15¢	216/20¢	130/25¢	112/25¢	112/40¢	77/45¢	70/60¢
Los Angeles	**321/10¢**	**187/17¢**	**167/15¢**	**193/25¢**	**199/30¢**	**218/25¢**	**353/65¢**
Baltimore	288/15¢	168/18¢	125/25¢	116/25¢	78/30¢	127/30¢	115/50¢
Pittsburgh	**272/15¢**	**137/20¢**	**94/27¢**	**104/30¢**	**104/35¢**	**110/40¢**	**106/75¢**
San Francisco	250/10¢	200/15¢	202/15¢	198/15¢	201/25¢	170/25¢	295/50¢
Atlanta	**N.A./10¢**	**91/15¢**	**74/20¢**	**71/25¢**	**65/35¢**	**75/15¢**	**119/50¢**
U.S. TOTALS	17,246	11,529	9,395	8,253	7,332	6,972	8,228

Meditating members of Senate Budget Committee: Democrats Hollings and Metzenbaum; Republicans Kassebaum and Domenici

Going Reagan Billions Better

A Senate panel cuts spending even more than the President did

The 21 men and one woman seated around tables pushed together to form a hollow square called out numbers in what seemed a mystifying code. Aides chalked the figures on blackboards, erased them almost instantly, then chalked new ones. A horse-betting parlor? Commodities trading pit? No, the meeting room of the Senate Budget Committee, which last week gave a flying start to Ronald Reagan's plan to slash federal spending.

In a mere four days, the committee voted to reduce planned expenditures in fiscal 1982, which starts Oct. 1, by $36.4 billion—actually $2.3 billion more than Reagan asked.* Combining bluster and blarney, Chairman Pete Domenici of New Mexico easily held his eleven fellow Republicans together against all attempts by the ten Democrats to narrow reductions in social programs. Frustrated and divided, the Democrats in the end joined in a unanimous vote for the full package. "We are wreaking unbelievable havoc on the lives of millions of poor Americans," mourned Ohio Democrat Howard Metzenbaum —just before he meekly murmured aye on the last roll call.

Strangely, the victory caused no exultation at the White House, where Reagan's aides seemed rather apprehensive. Last week's vote, they cautioned, must be upheld by a long series of further actions in the Democratic-controlled House as well as the G.O.P.-dominated Senate. Also the comparatively low approval rating the President now has in polls *(see box)* might make those forthcoming fights harder to win. One political aide went so far as to say, "We've lost some momentum, and I don't know how we will get it back."

There were some reasons for these jitters. An effort by members of Reagan's kitchen cabinet to launch a lobbying campaign for budget and tax cuts fell apart last week. The Coalition for a New Beginning, which was to organize the grassroots effort, disbanded after some of Reagan's corporate supporters complained that they felt they were being dunned for contributions. Also housing starts fell 25% in February, and industrial production declined for the first time in seven months, pointing to a possible spring recession. That, to put it mildly, would not help boost the President's poll ratings.

Despite such concerns, Reagan easily quelled a potential bipartisan congressional rebellion against his budget plans before it ever really got started. When the President journeyed to Capitol Hill for a meeting with Republican congressional leaders on Tuesday, he had to contend with two bits of bad news. The nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office had just predicted that federal spending might soar as much as $25 billion above Reagan's forecast for the next fiscal year, and that the deficit might consequently balloon to a record $70 billion, *vs.* $45 billion projected by the White House. Reason: the CBO doubted that inflation and interest rates will come down anywhere near as rapidly as the Administration expects. Partly because of this gloomy forecast, Republicans on the Senate Budget Committee agreed during a six-hour meeting Monday night to support a move to trim cost-of-living increases scheduled next year in Social Security pensions and veterans' benefits, two programs that Reagan has ruled sacrosanct.

Arriving for his meeting with the G.O.P. congressional leaders, the President snapped to reporters that the CBO estimates were "phony." Later he retracted that stinging word and observed, accurately enough, that the CBO is projecting a continuation of existing economic trends that his program is designed to change. The opposite side of this argument is that Reagan is counting on a

*Though the President calculated that his proposals would slash spending by $48.6 billion, the committee staff estimated the actual reduction at $42.9 billion. Of that, $8.8 billion is to be saved by administrative actions, leaving $34.1 billion, by committee arithmetic, that Congress is being asked to chop.

An Easy Poll-Axing

For one-quarter of the nation, the honeymoon (what there was of it) is now over. Sizing up Ronald Reagan's first two months in office, 24% disapproved of his performance, according to the latest Gallup poll. That is the biggest negative rating for a newly elected President in 28 years of polling comparable situations. (Dwight Eisenhower, the first newly elected President to have his popularity tested, had a disapproval rating of 8% shortly after taking office.) And Reagan's approval rating, 59%, was the lowest at this early stage of a newly elected Administration in the poll's history. The latest Harris survey, meanwhile, gives the President a 62% approval rating, 5% lower than Carter's was in March 1977.

The figures are hardly shocking: the fact that Reagan introduced such a controversial economic program so early caused people to choose sides quickly. Richard Wirthlin, the President's pollster, says that people are "polarizing" over the plan, with most lining up behind it. His own poll in early March shows that the President has the approval of roughly 65% of the country and the disapproval of only 20%. Do the results worry the White House? Says Press Secretary James Brady of the polltakers: "These are the same wonderful people who brought you the election that was too close to call."

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BUILT TO LAST **AMERICAN MOTORS**

break in inflationary psychology that cannot be supported by figures. Nonetheless, congressional Republicans for the moment swallowed their doubts.

More important, they also swallowed Reagan's insistence that Social Security and veterans' benefits stay untouched. Privately, Administration officials conceded that cost-of-living adjustments eventually will have to be reduced if the President is to achieve his goal of balancing the budget by fiscal 1984. But for now the White House has decided it cannot afford to anger millions of the elderly and veterans. Says one top congressional Republican: "Eighty percent of these people vote, and it is a Republican constituency." Reagan himself told the G.O.P. leaders simply that he had made a campaign promise not to touch Social Security and veterans' benefits, and that was that.

So it was. When South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings, ranking Democrat on the Budget Committee, moved the next day to chop $7 billion out of the $22 billion in cost-of-living increases likely next year, he lost by eight votes. The splintered Democrats could not prevent the Republicans from cutting Medicaid and unemployment compensation and other social programs $200 million more than Reagan had requested, and all but four went along with a move by Kansas Republican Nancy Kassebaum to lessen a cut in the lending authority of the Export-Import Bank, a step that benefits big corporations.

The resolution this week goes to the Senate floor, where it should pass easily. Cuts in specific programs then must be approved again by committees that actually control those programs, but they will be under instructions to limit spending to the amounts specified in the big budget bill. Concedes Metzenbaum: "When all is said and done, the President will pretty much get what he wanted."

In the House, the controlling Democrats are no more eager for a knockdown fight than their Senate colleagues. Majority Leader Jim Wright of Texas asserts that the Democrats will have to adopt a majority of the spending cuts and then concentrate on cutting taxes by less than Reagan proposes. Says he: "The combination of these two will have to result in a deficit projection no larger than Reagan's." While the Democrats will try to narrow social-spending cuts just enough to soften the wrath of their constituents among the disadvantaged, they will give the President enough to escape public censure for blocking his program. Then if the program fails to spur economic growth and slow inflation, they will put the blame squarely on Reagan. With opponents no more combative than that, White House worries about loss of momentum seem highly exaggerated. —*By George J. Church. Reported by Douglas Brew and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

An Army in Pinstripes and Guccis

Never has Washington seen such an army march down its old avenues, the soldiers clad in pinstripes and shod in Guccis. Not in all U.S. history have such unusual political alliances been formed as those now taking to the barricades against Ronald Reagan's budget cuts. From church basements and corporate boardrooms, tens of thousands of special pleaders, lobbyists and their experts have marshaled to do battle for their special causes. It is Chautauqua, the circus, a Greek drama of a thousand acts, running from dawn to midnight, from Capitol hideaways to the Pentagon.

The first thing that strikes one is the sameness of dress, manners and mode of all the combatants. Battles for poverty programs and corporate interests alike are camouflaged in three-piece numbers from Brooks Brothers and armed with computer print-outs, artful charts and direct mail lists.

Lane Kirkland, the delightful panjandrum of labor, rides through the Washington nights in a chauffeured Chrysler limousine, often as not in a dinner jacket, almost always with his cigarette holder at a jaunty angle. He is the field marshal for the downtrodden, having assembled 185 organizations into a budget coalition to contend with Ronald Reagan, who does not smoke but who happens to wear a dinner jacket just as often and rides in a chauffeured Cadillac limousine.

Within the Kirkland coalition, the phalanxes of the National Wildlife Federation rub elbows with those of the National Low Income Housing Coalition, the Association for the Advancement of Psychology, the Center for Community Change, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, and Omega Psi Phi Fraternity Inc. Then, too, there is the Food Research and Action Center, whose troops tramped up to the Hill to protest the proposed food-stamp cuts. FRAC, employing 25 lawyers, technicians and persuaders, gets two-thirds of its million-dollar budget from the Federal Government it is now attacking. Uncle Sam is once again caught beating himself over the head.

The picture of Nancy Reagan being knocked off balance by a loving orphan was in its way a subtle lobby for yet another cause, Foster Grandparents. Wonder of wonders, the group has escaped the ax. Jane Russell, whose cantilevered brassiere was the sensation of the movie era that also elevated Ronald Reagan, showed up to plead against changes in children's programs that she supports. Luscious Liz Taylor, newly svelte, and some weary turtles from the fifth-rate aquarium kept in the Commerce Department basement were enlisted to stave off the budget knife for their respective interests, the arts and sea life. The National Symphony fiddled through Rimsky-Korsakov last week to mellow members of Congress who must vote on endangered federal funds for the arts. Wherever one dines these days in Washington, there is, over the $50 (for two) lunches of shad roe or the $100 (for two) dinners of partridge, a whole new vocabulary. Men and women who used to cut deals, apply pressure and give each other the treatment now talk about safety nets, marginal tax rates and econometric models.

The great moiling confrontation is a testimony of sorts to the energy and health of our democracy. The danger, of course, is that the sum of all these special interests will ultimately transcend the national good, though at this point so many are clamoring, it appears that they all may fail.

A warning came last week from an experienced hand, Bob ("The Blowtorch") Komer, former New Frontiersman for John Kennedy, former Great Society warrior for Lyndon Johnson, former Under Secretary of Defense for Jimmy Carter. Said The Blowtorch, a man who is proud of his compassionate past and concerned about the perilous future: "If we don't first take care of the economy and our national security, there ain't going to be school lunches for anybody."

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But they are all alike in one way: they are all innovators. They had to be, from the beginning. California has a magnificent coast but not enough harbors—so they built the largest man-made harbor in the world. It's a land of rich soil but without enough water—so Californians constructed one of the world's most extensive irrigation systems.

Californians innovate in nearly everything from fads and fashions to new lifestyles—and often the rest of us follow their lead. They were, among other things, the first to make our famous Marlboro brand the Number One selling cigarette, two years before the rest of the world.

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The Alexandrian Strategic View

Haig explains it to Congress

The lodestar of the Reagan Administration's foreign policy thus far has been a black-and-white-and-red-all-over principle: Soviet expansionism is all-pervasive, a force pitting good guys against bad guys in every region. Testifying before Congress last week on his $6.17 billion budget request for foreign aid, Secretary of State Alexander Haig conducted a tour of the horizon in which he reiterated that principle more sharply than ever. He defined virtually all of the world's problems, from the Middle East to Central America, in an East-West context, and with an anti-Soviet severity that was sure to discomfort further America's increasingly nervous European allies. Said he: "The emphasis today is on the Soviet problem."

Haig went so far as to suggest to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that concern over Soviet aggression might overcome the fierce internecine religious and cultural struggles in the Middle East and somehow loosely bind the countries there into a "consensus of strategic concerns." As part of that process, he urged that the ban on U.S. aid to Pakistan be lifted. Pakistan, which borders on Soviet-occupied Afghanistan, is prohibited from receiving American economic and military aid because of its nuclear armament program. A guarantee of regional security, he argued, would lessen Pakistan's "thirst" for its own nuclear weapons.

To induce Iran to join such an American-backed strategic "consensus" is a remote possibility at the moment, but Iraq, long an ally of the Soviet Union, is a conceivable candidate. Said he: "We see some shift in the Iraqi attitude, a greater sense of concern about Soviet imperialism in the Middle Eastern area." Despite Iraq's intense enmity toward Israel, and the fact that it has no diplomatic relations with the U.S., Haig said the situation should be reassessed because it is "not irreversible." In fact, an American envoy may be dispatched there next month to give Iraq's leftist government a report on Haig's forthcoming trip to Egypt, Israel, Jordan and Saudi Arabia.

When questioned in the House on the sale of range-extending equipment to Saudi Arabia for its American-made F-15 fighter jets, Haig also raised the idea of a Middle Eastern confederacy based on transcendent anti-Soviet interests. Said he: "It is fundamentally important to begin to develop a consensus of strategic concerns throughout the region among Arab and Jew, and to be sure that the overriding danger of Soviet inroads is not overlooked." In a shift from Carter Administration policy, he said that American troops might be stationed in the Sinai a year from now as part of an international peace-keeping force if a United Nations team cannot be organized to stabilize the area after Israeli withdrawal. Haig issued the sternest U.S. warning to date of the consequences of any pro-Soviet shifts in the Middle East. "A change of the status quo," he said in his own formulation of the so-called Carter Doctrine of protecting American interests in the oil-rich region, would be met "with the full range of power assets."

RICARDO MATSON

The Secretary of State testifying

The "Russians-are-coming syndrome."

Haig used similar terms when he turned to Latin America, the Administration's other publicized battleground in its struggle against Soviet expansionism. If Cuba did not halt the flow of arms to rebels in El Salvador, Haig warned, possible U.S. responses "include consideration of a whole range of American assets." Cuban and Soviet bloc intervention in Latin America, he contended, is part of a "four-phased operation" that began with "the seizure of Nicaragua," a country whose new government Carter courted but Reagan seemed almost prepared to write off. Said Haig: "Next is El Salvador, to be followed by Honduras and Guatemala . . . A hit list, if you will." The next day, Haig slightly backed off his extreme view on Nicaragua, saying there are "a number of very important democratic elements seeking change" there.

The Administration last week continued its policy of downplaying human rights when dealing with anti-Communist regimes. After meeting with Argentina's President-designate, Lieut. General Roberto Viola, Reagan said he looked forward "to efforts by both governments to further our relations." Military aid to Argentina was cut off in 1978 in response to reports of the disappearance of several thousand opponents of the regime. The domestic situation there has improved, and the Administration has asked Congress to repeal the ban.

The U.S. also reacted last week to Cuban and Soviet bloc involvement in Africa. The White House asked Congress to lift the ban on aid to Angolan rebels fighting the Soviet-backed government there, a move that antagonized black African nations, because Angola supports guerrillas in neighboring Namibia fighting to break free of white-ruled South Africa. The Administration also suspended food assistance to Marxist Mozambique in retaliation for the expulsion of four American diplomats. The State Department said the eviction was instigated by Cuban intelligence agents.

South Africa also clashed with these same two countries last week, but rather more violently, sending bombers deep into Angola to attack Namibian rebel bases and engaging in its second border clash in a week with Mozambican troops. De-

Piping Up from the NSC

The Secretary of State's stern talk about the Soviet Union sounded like the cooing of a turtledove compared with comments from National Security Council Senior Staffer Richard Pipes. In a briefing last week with a Reuters reporter, the hawkish Harvard professor explained his theory that mounting economic problems would either force Moscow to make domestic reforms or provoke it into dangerous foreign adventurism. Reuters simplified this by quoting him as saying that Soviet leaders would have to choose between changing their Communist system in the direction followed by the West or "going to war." Pipes also was reported to have expressed concerns about West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher's upcoming trip to Moscow.

The Administration quickly labeled the comments as "not authorized," and Haig sent a note to Genscher assuring him that he was "outraged" at any implication that the West German was susceptible to Soviet pressure. The fact is, however, that Pipes' views coincide with those of the Administration in most respects. He headed the 1976 "Team B" task force to assess Soviet strategy, which argued that Soviet leaders are pursuing a course of nuclear superiority. The Administration's many voices are all reinforcing the same tough anti-Soviet line.

spite sympathy between the new U.S. government and South Africa on a number of issues, the Reagan Administration indicated it is not ready to forge closer ties with Pretoria. It emphasized last week that four South African military officials, whose visits to the U.S. have long been severely restricted, had been given visas "inadvertently" for a trip they made to Washington this month. At the same time, the White House quickly squelched a rumor that Prime Minister P.W. Botha would become the first South African leader ever invited to Washington.

The hard line on the Soviet Union was reflected in a White House decision to postpone, until May, next week's scheduled meeting in Geneva of a U.S.-Soviet committee that discusses compliance with arms control agreements. Only once in seven years has such a session been postponed, and then for only two days. The Administration has not even nominated a director for the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Edward Rowny, 63, who retired in 1979 as an Army lieutenant general to campaign publicly against the SALT II agreement, felt so certain of the appointment that he was boning up for confirmation hearings. But he learned last week that the job will probably go instead to Yale Law Professor Eugene Rostow, 67, a hawkish Democrat.

The Administration, meanwhile, is pursuing a careful course with China. Reagan and Haig held an unpublicized meeting with Ambassador Chai Zemin of China last week. Chai assured the U.S that China would not resort to force to resolve the Taiwan problem, the first time Peking has made such a pledge.

Left ringing in the ears of Senators and Congressmen was the firmness of Haig's anti-Soviet rhetoric. But he did offer a caveat at the very beginning of his visit to the Hill. Any policy, he said, that "suggested total preoccupation with the so-called Russians-are-coming syndrome" would have to be labeled "sterile." That may or may not have sounded soothing to Haig's congressional critics. *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington*

Politics Makes Strange Envoys

A movie actor, an insurance man and other U.S. ambassadors

He speaks Spanish, rides horses and has had leading roles in such films as *Psycho, Spartacus* and *Romanoff and Juliet*. He is also an acquaintance of Ronald Reagan's. It is not difficult to guess which of those qualities makes him the Reagan Administration's most probable choice as the new U.S. Ambassador to Mexico. While nothing official has been announced, John Gavin, 52, apparently feels so sure of the appointment that he quit the cast of the musical *Can-Can*, which has been in rehearsal for a Broadway opening next month. But if he gets the nod, it will take all of Gavin's stage and screen skills to warm up a hostile audience awaiting him south of the border.

Though Gavin wrote his senior thesis at Stanford University on the economic history of Latin America, many Mexicans are irked that Reagan would send them an actor. To make matters worse, Gavin had given a speech in Los Angeles last May in which, according to a Mexican newspaper, he called farming in Mexico "a disaster." The newspaper printed that he also attacked the country's *ejidos*, a system of government-owned farm cooperatives, as "inefficient" and "existing solely for political purposes."

Officials of the nation's dominant political party assailed Gavin's views. Faustino Alva Zavala, acting head of Mexico's organized labor movement, said that the remarks "showed little tact and demonstrated hardly any diplomacy." But according to the text of the Gavin speech, his strongest comment was that "agriculture is not flourishing" in Mexico. The Mexican government, which could in effect veto the Gavin appointment, has not commented officially on the nomination.

The fuss over Gavin illustrates the dangers in the practice of all recent Administrations to reserve some diplomatic posts for political fund raisers and friends. Of the 100 or so new ambassadors Reagan will have an opportunity to name, none had been chosen before last week. Reagan had picked California Real Estate Magnate William A. Wilson, 66, as his personal envoy to the Vatican, a nonambassadorial post. He had also asked former Democratic Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, 78, a Carter appointee, to stay on as Ambassador to Japan. A number of career foreign service officers will also stay on. Many of the career posts are in such sensitive spots as Warsaw, Cairo and Tel Aviv, where experienced diplomats are required, or in posts like Kabul or Lilongwe, which few presidential friends covet. Yet for the 30 or so ambassadorships to friendly nations where the living is good—Britain, The Netherlands, Switzerland, Luxembourg and the like—a wealthy American who likes to entertain is acceptable.

Gavin gets girl in *Romanoff* (1961)

The next audience may be hostile.

The President showed a bit of whimsy in the timing of his first such nomination: he announced on St. Patrick's Day that William Edward McCann, 50, an insurance executive from Short Hills, N.J., and a Reagan-Bush fund raiser in the 1980 campaign, was his choice as Ambassador to Ireland. Several other appointments are now said to be in the works: Brent Scowcroft, 56, former National Security Adviser under President Ford, as Ambassador to the Soviet Union; John J. Lewis Jr., 54, chairman of Phoenix's Combined Communications Corp., to Britain; Robert Neumann, 65, the vice chairman of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies and a former Ambassador to Afghanistan and Morocco, to Saudi Arabia; Robert Nesen, 63, a California Cadillac dealer who owns a ranch next to Reagan's, to Australia; Paul Nitze, 74, former disarmament negotiator in the Nixon Administration, to West Germany; Theodore E. Cummings, 72, former supermarket-chain owner, to Austria; John L. Loeb Jr., 51, New York investment banker and major Republican contributor, to Denmark; Maxwell Rabb, 70, a presidential assistant to Dwight Eisenhower, to Italy.

Not all rumored appointments come to pass, of course. But Republican Senator Charles Percy, whose Foreign Relations Committee must act on the nominations before they go to the full Senate, last week urged the Administration to speed up its selections. As things stand, he protested mildly, the committee is getting so much pressure from people who would like to be ambassadors and their backers that it is being diverted from its more urgent business. ■

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Zealous Lord of a Vast Domain

Interior's Watt: determined, righteous and on the move

Any number of fierce advocates surround Ronald Reagan these days, all determined to carry out last November's election mandate. Each seems, however, to interpret the mandate as his very own, as an individual summons to overhaul his special part of the System. No one is more zealous than James Watt, 43, the lanky, brusque Secretary of the Interior. His soft voice and thick glasses make him seem a little like a benign mortician, but that could be misleading. For Jim Watt has all the self-righteous conviction of the born-again Christian that he is, and his goal is no less ambitious than converting America's soul about harvesting its vast natural resources.

In a way, Watt represents Reaganism in all its extremes: the single-mindedness, the bluster, the aching for a glorious past. His whole aggressive demeanor, his background as head of the Mountain States Legal Foundation, which thwarted environmental regulations, have convinced some environmentalists that his ultimate goal is to snatch the national treasures from the people and turn them over to powerful industrial interests. Since more than a few conservation activists are every bit as determined and self-righteous as Watt, that could prove a dangerous mission.

Of course, that was precisely why he was picked for the job. After Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt called Watt to his office and sized him up, he excitedly phoned the President—who had never set eyes on the keen lawyer—and said he had found just the right man. Watt was razor smart, Laxalt told the President, a steely manager who knew his field. Best of all, Laxalt declared, Watt could take pressure: he had the hide of a rhino.

In two short months the thick-skinned man who manages 550 million acres of public land has stunned environmentalists and lawmakers with the way he has decisively altered policymaking at Interior. Watt has accelerated the sale of oil and gas leases, moved to expedite the surface mining of coal, opened up wilderness areas to allow exploration of strategic minerals, halted the acquisition of more lands for national parks. He says he wants a bold, sensible program that will renew the country's growth. Says one of Watt's top aides, Stan Hulett: "Nobody could have survived making these proposals a few years ago. It took a major economic crisis to let us finally change direction."

The environmentalists have roared back, warning of ecological nightmares. "This is the first time in my memory," says former Senator Gaylord Nelson, who now lobbies for the Wilderness Society, "that the country's chief conservation officer has been an antienvironmentalist."

Watt is an autocratic and cocksure man who is quick to show his impatience with poor performance. Wary colleagues sensed long ago not to swear in his presence. He neither smokes nor drinks—no coffee either. His unbending sense of propriety is so well known that, although Watt claims he never uttered a word about it, rumors swept the Interior building that women workers should wear skirts, not slacks, on the job.

BRACE—BLACK STAR

The Secretary in his office decorated with his favorite painting

"Maybe we can get Mrs. Reagan to wear a coyote coat."

In his wood-paneled office last week, with his favorite oil painting of a bald eagle on the wall, Watt still seemed like the raw boy from his windy prairie country of southeast Wyoming. Long-legged in his gray plaid suit, he ambled down the hall and pointed out the huge office where Harold Ickes used to work in F.D.R.'s day and remarked that he could never be comfortable there. Back in his own much smaller suite, he stretched out and began talking about his job, about his goals, about himself. As he spoke, he gradually became more emphatic, sometimes doubling his fist as he stressed his points. "If I don't come down hard on these things," he said, "nothing will move." He said he wasted little time listening to the attacks of his critics. "These people are committed to destroying what I want to achieve and that means destroying me," he said, with the air of a man who will not let it happen.

He is supported strongly, he stressed, by a powerful religious faith. His own born-again experience, he said, had taken place in 1964 at a gospel meeting of businessmen in Washington. "My responsibility is to follow the Scriptures," he says, "which call upon us to occupy the land until Jesus returns." Those biblical admonitions, Watt explained, require a balance between utilization and preservation.

He stressed America's need to break its dependence on foreign resources, to search now for oil and minerals in order to prevent the inevitable panic rush on lands later if those resources were shut off. He insists that regulatory interference has blocked such development, that the Interior Department has been arrogant and offensive, a poor landlord. Watt has already cut way back on enforcement and investigative personnel, and conservationists are frankly worried. Says one: "Now the environmental reviews and other checks simply won't get done. That's how these developers will get past the regulation barricades."

Talking about his opponents, Watt sounded combative, and his hide showed patches of thinness as he talked of a meeting he had just held with environmentalists. His temper had spilled over, and he had accused the others in the room of deliberately poisoning his reputation. The men present were so astonished at his fury that one of them, Bill Butler of the Audubon Society, warned his staff that Watt was too hostile to deal with right now. There were a couple of wildlife representatives at the meeting, and at one point, during a discussion about predators, Watt made no effort to conceal his strong feelings that coyotes should be largely killed off. "Maybe we can get Mrs. Reagan to wear a coyote coat," he said in a clumsy effort at a joke, noting that trappers and bounty hunters would get more business. The wildlife men winced.

Watt will be a strong adversary, and even his harshest detractors consider him incorruptible. But if he is to have a chance of succeeding, Watt must build wider coalitions, reach out beyond his own supporters. His intensity is both his strength and his vulnerability. He feels he has plenty of backing. "I know the power flow," he says cockily of the Republican margin in the Senate. But what if in the process of carrying out his part of the new mandate, he misjudges the flow and gets too far out in front of Ronald Reagan? In that case Watt himself, and not the people he is determined to convert, could become the target of the President's bounty hunters. —*By Robert Ajemian/Washington*

The Next Hurrah

Picking Presidents with care

"All the ills of democracy can be cured by more democracy," said New York Governor and Democratic Presidential Nominee Al Smith. The remedy is worse than the disease, replies former North Carolina Governor and now Duke University President Terry Sanford. Fearing that runaway democracy has made a shambles of the presidential selection process, Sanford last week announced the formation of a new bipartisan committee to promote changes in party rules in advance of the next election campaign. "You can't run this nation like a town meeting," said Sanford. "We should make the system less democratic and less chaotic. We must involve the political leadership more. We must strengthen the political parties."

Sanford's panel includes some 20 heavyweights from both major parties, among them former Secretary of State Edmund Muskie, Republican Senator Robert Dole, Carter National Campaign Chairman Robert Strauss and onetime Reagan Presidential Campaign Manager John Sears. In coming months the group will hold a series of meetings around the country, under the auspices of Duke and the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars, inviting contributions from politicians, journalists, campaign organizers, pollsters and anybody else with ideas about ending the current chaos. The committee hopes to build enough momentum to cause the rules committees of both parties to make changes in time for the 1984 contest.

Though the panel has not yet made specific recommendations, it generally favors giving convention delegates more independence, restoring a greater role for the parties, shortening the length of the campaign, reducing the importance of the primaries, and deflating the influence of special-interest groups. Says John Sears: "This is a horrible system, a terrible system. Under the current arrangement, single-issue groups can essentially blackmail a candidate." Agrees Bob Strauss: "When national conventions are dominated by single-issue groups, the conventions don't represent America."

To add to the pressure for changing the rules, Sanford is publishing a book in June, *A Danger of Democracy* (Westview Press; 184 pages), analyzing the selection process. In it he cites the need for "thinking delegates" who carefully deliberate on their choice for President. Like other critics of the present system, Sanford wants to liberate convention delegates from their rigid commitment to a particular candidate. Under the present system, the delegates have virtually no flexibility to adapt to changing political conditions once they are selected, says Sanford. "They are instructed and bound more precisely than when they were bound and driven by the bosses." And the nominees they pick are more likely to be unrepresentative of the party's mainstream, as in the case of George McGovern, or a Washington outsider, as was Jimmy Carter.* Or both: witness Ronald Reagan.

Sanford outlining strategy in Washington

Running a nation like a town meeting.

One side benefit of the process as it is today is that it assures seats for women and minorities, who were underrepresented in the past. But that advantage may be illusory, says Sanford. Women and minorities are certainly more prominent at the conventions now, but he suggests that they have only the appearance of power. They have little room for maneuvering or expressing their own viewpoints; they are bound delegates. "Would it not be better if we had a system that would draw in women and minority delegates because each had an intellectual and political contribution to make, rather than because the party wants superficial proof that it is broad and fair?" More independence for the delegates would also revive the importance of the national convention, which Sanford describes as a "consensus-building instrument that is crucial to our effective self-government." This, in turn, is likely to produce better nominees. Democratic government can be destroyed, writes Sanford, if "we mistakenly assume the goal to be participation rather than selecting the best possible presidential candidates." ■

*The former President proposed a change of his own last week. While visiting Princeton University, he told students that the President should serve a single six-year term in order to pursue his policies without being accused of playing politics. Ever a loner, Carter also called the Democratic Party an "albatross around my neck" during his re-election campaign

"Itchy Feet"

A coal strike looms

"Negotiations are meant to be a time of give and take. But the only thing I have seen from [the industry's] negotiators is take, take, take." United Mine Workers President Sam Church Jr. uttered that ringing denunciation after talks broke down in Washington last week between his union and the Bituminous Coal Operators Association for a new three-year contract. A strike by 160,000 U.M.W. members is considered almost certain to take place when the current agreement expires this week. At the last negotiating session the union demanded wage and benefit increases over three years totaling 46%, while the operators offered only a 20% raise. Yet money is not the thorniest problem. Indeed, some industry observers believe that both sides will eventually settle on about a 35% hike. Instead, the talks bogged down over a bin of noneconomic issues. To increase productivity, for instance, the operators want to mine coal on Sundays, a proposal that many workers, especially those in Bible Belt coal fields, consider sacrilegious. Management is also dickering for the right to buy nonunion coal without having to pay royalties to the union's health and retirement funds.

One issue that had promised to be a major stumbling block was sidestepped. The operators demanded the right to stop contributing to a multicompany pension trust fund and instead set up individual company retirement plans. Union officials feared that such company programs would not be as secure as the existing fund. In their last offer, however, the operators backed away from their demand, but asked in return, as one union official put it, that "we accept everything else."

A strike would probably damage the union and the operators more than the nation at large. Coal-burning power plants in the U.S. have a 120-day stockpile, and the high-demand heating season is almost over. Mines covered by the union agreement now account for only 44% of coal produced in the U.S., down from 70% a decade ago. Some 20,000 U.M.W. members have been laid off. Though both sides are prepared to start bargaining again, no talks have been scheduled, and the ugly mood that has marked previous strikes seems to be on the rise. Just the word of the breakdown in negotiations last week sparked wildcat strikes by 8,000 miners in the East and Midwest. As Norvel Wagner, a U.M.W. field representative in West Virginia, put it, "It's itchy feet." ■

U.M.W.'s Church

The Last Days of Poletown

A neighborhood faces doom and a new auto plant may rise

The sign above a brick archway in the basement of Immaculate Conception Church in the Poletown neighborhood of Detroit reads GM—MARK OF DESTRUCTION. It is a wry twist on the "mark of excellence" slogan of the General Motors Corp., but none of the few dozen mostly elderly and Polish-American homeowners gathered in the room last week were laughing. Members of the Poletown Neighborhood Council, they are engaged in a battle to save their neighborhood as the city of Detroit prepares to raze some 1,500 private homes, schools and businesses in order to make way for GM's new $500 million assembly plant.

The mood at the meeting was more upbeat than usual; lawyers for the group had just filed suit in Federal District Court to block the plant. Helping the council in its fight is Ralph Nader, a longtime nemesis of GM, who was invited into the fray by area residents last year. Thus, by all appearances, the battle is a classic confrontation: a heartless corporation *vs.* a handful of citizens trying to preserve a way of life—which for many of them dates back to the turn of the century, when their immigrant ancestors arrived from Poland to make a new life for themselves in America.

But Poletown's plight is, of course, not so simply put. When the GM plant is completed in 1983, it will employ 6,000 workers in a city where unemployment is at 18%. It will also contribute an initial $8.1 million a year in tax revenues to Detroit and the enclosed city of Hamtramck, where only 15 months ago the huge Chrysler assembly plant known as Dodge Main was closed. The GM factory will also offer new hope to a decaying city that has hemorrhaged hundreds of thousands of jobs over the past decade and currently faces a record budget deficit of more than $135 million. Some 3,400 people will be forced to move to make way for the plant, but as the Detroit *Free Press* editorializes: "It's a difficult call, but it is an essential step in rebuilding the city's economic base."

The confrontation began shaping up last June, when GM announced the closing of two outmoded Detroit plants that employed 6,000 people. At the same time, however, the company declared its intention to build a modern factory within the city limits if a suitable site could be found. Mayor Coleman Young lost no time in taking GM up on its offer. After examining a dozen possible sites, the city finally decided to offer GM a 465-acre tract that not only included the shuttered Dodge Main plant but also swallowed up the surrounding 250 acres of Poletown. GM insisted that the new plant had to be built and in operation by early 1983, so Young took advantage of a recent Michigan law allowing a city to acquire land for use by private enterprise. Detroit began a crash program of forcing home and business owners to sell their properties to the city.

As the plan moved into high gear, so did the opponents. The Poletown Neighborhood Council, led by Chairman Tom Olechowski, 37, a state legislative aide and lifelong resident of the area, contacted Nader for his support. The consumer activist fired off a letter to General Motors Chairman Roger Smith, demanding that the company find another site "that does not destroy a community of 3,500 Americans." Young lashed back, calling Nader "a carpetbagger" and labeling his effort as an "obvious attempt at sabotage." The Detroit Coalition of Black Trade Unionists shot off its own letter to Nader, accusing him of "doing the hard-pressed citizenry of their area—both black and white—a real disservice."

City officials defend the plant site as the only one that met all of GM's specifications and contend that they are doing everything possible to ease the plight of Poletowners. Besides offering owners a "fair price" for their properties, the city claims it is paying out generous benefits (up to $15,000 for home owners and $4,000 for renters) to help defray resettlement costs. According to Emmett Moten, Detroit's industrial development director, the city is also purchasing federally owned housing units for Poletowners and offering them mortgages at a bargain 9.5% interest. Detroit hired a professional gerontologist to help assess the impact of the move on the elderly, who make up about half of those to be displaced. So far, 1,154 property owners —about 90% of those affected—have voluntarily sold out to the city. Says Moten of the opposition: "How many mass meetings have been held? Where do you see the evidence of mass support?"

Good question. Opponents contend that city appraisers pressured residents to sell their properties. Yet last week's turnout at Immaculate Conception Church, one of 16 Poletown churches marked for destruction, was hardly impressive. "The area never was very organized politically," says Rick Hodas, 28, vice chairman of the Poletown Neighborhood Council. "People lived here 50 years, paid their taxes and minded their own business." But other residents contend that the plant is actually a godsend, for it gives them the chance to leave the aging community and still get a decent price for their homes. Says John Kelmendi, 27, an area resident: "Ninety percent of the so-called silent majority here want to go."

Making way for GM: a church lies abandoned at the corner of Milwaukee and Moran

"People lived here 50 years, paid their taxes and minded their own business."

As for the other 10%, that feisty minority vows to save the neighborhood from the wrecker's ball. Yet even if Poletown were saved, the community would never flourish as it did a generation ago. Concedes Henry Michalski, a Poletown Neighborhood Council supporter: "Over the long term, the place would continue to deteriorate because the old people will die off and the young people have moved off." For many residents, however, Poletown remains very much home, and the shock of being so hastily asked to move out has honed their resistance. "The plant project had a note of finality to it from the very beginning," complains Hodas. Gazing around the withered faces at the church basement meeting last week, Michalski observed: "I see people here who wouldn't be here if they'd only been treated better." —*By James Kelly. Reported by Barrett Seaman/Detroit*

Shuttle Tragedy

Simulated launch, real death

NASA officials had one word for the simulated launch of the space shuttle at Cape Canaveral last week: "Super!" Then disaster struck. For reasons yet to be explained, five Rockwell International technicians removed an access panel and entered a rear section of the orbiter above the engine. A few minutes later, they began keeling over from lack of oxygen. One technician, John Bjornstad, 50, died in a helicopter en route to a hospital, and another, Forrest Cole, was in critical condition.

The reason for the mishap may not be known until NASA and Rockwell officials complete their separate investigations. Yet some of the circumstances are already known. Apparently, safety supervisors erred in clearing the technicians to go into the craft. Before a launch rehearsal, it is standard procedure to use nonflammable nitrogen to flush oxygen-laden air out of the engine compartment, where even the slightest friction or electrical spark can touch off a deadly fire. Afterward, the technicians, all of whom had considerable experience working with the shuttle, went into the nitrogen-saturated compartment without their air packs, the portable breathing systems used in hazardous atmospheres. Since nitrogen can neither be seen nor smelled, the five technicians were overcome before they were aware of the danger.

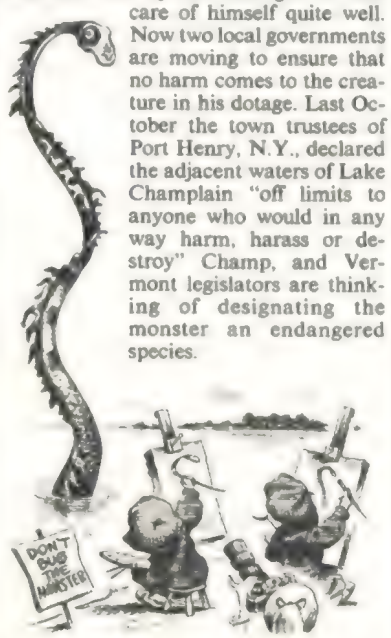
A sixth technician discovered the mishap and called a security guard, who donned a breathing apparatus that enabled him to drag the five from the compartment. An ambulance speeding to pad 39-A reportedly was delayed by security men.

Despite the accident, the space shuttle is still scheduled for launch next month, pending a successful test of its fuel tank. The shuttle has been plagued by technical troubles during its development over the past decade and is two years behind schedule. Last week's tragedy was the first loss of life at the launch site of a manned space flight since three astronauts died in a capsule fire in the Apollo I spacecraft in 1967. ■

Americana

The Champ of Champlain

Not many people are aware that Nessie, the serpentine monster that is said to inhabit Scotland's Loch Ness, has an American cousin cruising the depths of Lake Champlain between Vermont and New York. Champ, as the lake monster is called, was first reported in 1609 by the French explorer Samuel de Champlain. Since then there have been some 100 purported sightings of the serpent, which is said to measure anywhere from 10 ft. to 45 ft. and to have a horse-shaped head bearing two tiny horns. Over the centuries, Champ has managed to take care of himself quite well. Now two local governments are moving to ensure that no harm comes to the creature in his dotage. Last October the town trustees of Port Henry, N.Y., declared the adjacent waters of Lake Champlain "off limits to anyone who would in any way harm, harass or destroy" Champ, and Vermont legislators are thinking of designating the monster an endangered species.



The lawmakers do not enjoy unanimous support, however. One Clifford Rollins of Rutland, Vt., claiming to be weary of the "hocus pocus" surrounding the monster, is offering a $500 bounty to anyone "who can deliver me Champ's hide, dead or alive." So far, no one has tried to collect.

Going Out in Style

Feel like a cipher in a computerized society? Long to be remembered for some bit of individuality? A Seattle firm, Quiring Monuments, will accommodate you. Last year some 1,000 customers, double the number in 1979, ordered personal designs etched into their gravestones, taking advantage of a technique developed in recent years. A few other firms are also beginning to use it. Says Vice President David Quiring: "People come in with a sketch of what they want. We stencil it, cut it into rubber, and using sandblast grains, we can make a fine, detailed picture" on granite.

Some of the designs, ordered by parents to commemorate young children, are heart-rending. One pictures a leaf blowing off the tree of life. Adults often choose occupational symbols: a sewing machine, a policeman's badge, a B-52 in remembrance of a Boeing employee who was loyal to the bitter end. There are also golfers, fishermen, a teen-ager's customized 1965 Mustang complete to the license plate BAD NUZ, and a skier taking off on a jump, above the legend BILL WENT FOR IT. One woman had her stone engraved with four aces over the Christian symbol of the fish. "She might have been a Christian gambler," speculates Quiring. "Lots of times we just don't ask."

Bad News Bears

Some time during the past 159 years, the official seal of Missouri turned unofficial. According to a state law passed in 1822, the seal is supposed to depict two Missouri grizzlies on their hind legs, each gazing out at the citizenry. The current version includes the mandated bears, but their bearing may be illegal: they stare straight at each other. Says State Representative Francis ("Bud") Barnes: "Somewhere along the line somebody started fooling around with those damn bears. They are now squaring off—and should not be." Which means that the seal does not conform with its statutory definition. Which means, in turn, that every gubernatorial order stamped with the seal for nobody knows how many years may be invalid. "Perhaps not null and void," Barnes says, "but probably voidable. That would sure mean a bunch of paper work down the tube." Like any good politician, Barnes is fighting paper work with paper work: he plans a resolution that would affirm those hundreds of "voidable" acts —and correctly pirouette the antisocial bears.

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Weapon in hand, a Pakistani gunman waves defiantly from the cockpit of the grounded jet at Damascus airport

SALMAN

HIJACKING

A Victory for Terrorism

Blackmail, suspicious moves and abject surrender arouse anger and protest

Terrorism lives or dies on whether it achieves success.
—Israeli Scholar Benzion Netanyahu

As the three young men clambered down the exit ramp at Damascus airport, holding their pistols high, their V-for-victory signs said it all. It was no empty bravado. They had just pulled off one of the most successful acts of terrorism in recent memory. They had commandeered a Pakistan International Airlines jet with impunity. They had held more than 100 people hostage for 13 days. In an escalating series of ultimatums, they had killed one passenger and threatened to blow up the others. Finally they had hit the jackpot: they won the release of 54 prisoners from Pakistan's President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq—and apparent freedom for themselves. The Pakistani prisoners, many of them accused murderers and all of them opponents of Zia's military regime, were duly flown to Damascus. As for the hijackers, their surrender to Syrian authorities appeared to be a mere formality on the road to convenient "disappearance."

Thus in an era when political skyjackings had seemed to be declining, a trio of determined gunmen brought that brand of political blackmail back to the forefront of world attention —and proved that it could work. The incident continued to have ominous repercussions long after the last hostage had returned to the welcoming embrace of his family. It heightened international tensions, sparked a hot row between Washington and Moscow, and raised widespread fears of a possible new wave of hijackings. Warned Alitalia Security Chief Aristide Manopulo: "This could lead to a full-scale return to international air terrorism. The Pakistan hijack was completely successful and could open the way to others." *(See box.)*

Who was to blame for this spectacular triumph of terrorism? The list of suspects was long and tangled. First there were the security guards at Pakistan's Karachi International Airport, who inexplicably allowed three men to board a commercial jetliner with pistols and hand grenades. Then there were the Soviet and Afghan authorities at Kabul airport, where the hijacked plane stayed for six days. Despite repeated entreaties from Islamabad and Washington, they had shown little willingness to work toward ending the standoff. There were the Syrian officials in Damascus, who refused to let Zia send a Pakistani antiterrorist unit and also declined to launch a Syrian commando raid against the hijackers. There was Zia himself, who apparently had no military option left and therefore chose to give in to the demands to avoid a "bloodbath." Finally, there was the Libyan government, which initially offered asylum to the 54 Pakistani inmates—then reneged while its disinvited guests were literally in mid-air.

SALMANI

Leader Khan flashes a V from Syrian police car

In the end the Syrians were left to pick up the pieces.

In the end, the Syrians were left to pick up the pieces. They accepted the Pakistani prisoners, put them up temporarily in the Damascus airport hotel and granted them "asylum." Syrian authorities seemed less certain what to call the disposition of the hijackers. A government spokesman said they were not being granted formal political asylum but rather, temporary refuge for "humanitarian" reasons. In light of Syria's past habit of letting hijackers disappear, neither prosecution of the threesome nor their return to Pakistan seemed likely

Two of the gunmen had been wanted by Pakistani authorities even be-

fore the hijacking. The trio's 22-year-old leader, Salamullah Khan, a former science student at Karachi's Jinnah College, was accused of murder and other serious crimes. Nasir Jamal Khan, 22, also a former science student, was allegedly involved in the killing of another undergraduate. Only the third hijacker, Arshad Hussain, who was also a Karachi college student, had no previous police record.

All three claimed to belong to an underground group called Al Zulfikar, presumably named for ex-President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, whom Zia deposed and had executed in 1979. An American passenger on the ill-fated flight, Frederick Hubbell, 29, said the hijackers were "deliberately erratic. Sometimes they were kind, sometimes they became very brutal—after all, they killed a man." Their victim: Pakistani Diplomat Tariq Rahim, shot in full view of the other passengers and dumped on the tarmac at Kabul.

Most of the 54 freed prisoners were dangerous criminals, according to Islamabad authorities. Nineteen were accused of murder or attempted murder. Revealingly, six had been charged with smuggling Soviet-made arms into Pakistan. Two had been convicted as Soviet spies and sentenced to 14 years. Eight others were charged with distributing antigovernment literature. The rest had been held on various charges of sabotage and subversion.

As more details emerged last week, the incident took on broader international dimensions. A central issue was the extent of Soviet and Afghan collaboration—or at least acquiescence—in the hijacking. Afghan authorities at Kabul airport had not only refused to let Pakistani negotiators talk to the hijackers, for instance, but had actively encouraged Islamabad to capitulate. Though their troops clearly controlled the airport, Soviet authorities turned down at least five U.S. requests that they help end the standoff. The Soviet claim: they had no responsibility for "the actions of the Afghan government." So flagrant had Moscow's obstructionism appeared that State Department Spokesman William Dyess concluded: "I don't see how the Soviets can entirely escape responsibility for what took place."

Moscow was quick to issue a sharp rejoinder. It denounced the State Department's remarks as "deliberate lies" intended to bolster U.S. "allegations of Soviet-backed international terrorism."

Few Western observers were persuaded by Moscow's protestations. "The connection between this terrorist activity and the Soviet Union is what really struck Europeans," said Dominique Moisi, deputy director of Paris' Institut Français des Relations Internationales. "The Afghan regime and the Soviet Union connived at supporting an act of blatant international terrorism," charged Paul Wilkinson, professor of international relations at Scotland's University of Aberdeen.

Some of the most damning evidence of possible Soviet-Afghan complicity was provided by freed passengers afterward. Said Stewardess Naila Aziz: "The hijackers had only hand grenades and pistols at the time of the hijacking—but at Kabul they also had submachine guns." Dyess cited eyewitness reports to the effect that in Kabul "all three hijackers stood [on the tarmac] in view of Afghan and Soviet security personnel, without any apparent concern for their own safety." Passenger Hubbell's wife Charlotte said that the hijackers boasted of having been trained by the Palestine Liberation Organization. The P.L.O. connection seemed intriguing, since the organization has ties to three countries that, in one way or another, were involved in the hijacking episode: the Soviet Union, Syria and Libya.

Ironically, the hijacking may ultimately prove beneficial to the man against whom it was mounted: Zia. For one thing, the hijackers' professed allegiance to Bhuttoist sedition gave Zia a strong excuse to crack down even harder on his P.P.P. opponents at home. Second, the incident turned out to be an embarrassment to the Soviets, who have been seeking to destabilize Zia's regime because of his opposition to their Afghanistan invasion. Finally, the hostages-for-prisoners exchange allowed Zia to assume something of a humanitarian guise while evicting 54 dangerous political enemies. As he put it last week, Pakistan had rid itself of "some bad eggs." Perhaps. The rest of the world could only hope that Zia's troubled country had not also exported the seeds of more terrorism. *—By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Mohammed Aftab/Islamabad and William Stewart/Damascus*

"Bound to Encourage Others"

"There is a real danger that a new cycle of hijacking will start up again," warned a French security expert. Said a British foreign relations scholar: "The surrender is bound to encourage other terrorist groups." Concluded the Paris daily *Le Monde:* "The hijacking and its 'happy' outcome are heavy with menace."

Such widespread outcries of dismay and indignation were provoked by Syria's and Pakistan's apparent violation of the cardinal rule of international antiterrorism procedure: do not surrender to blackmail.

The spirit of this rule has found its way, to one extent or another, into several international conventions and agreements. The Tokyo Convention of 1963, for example, committed the 88 signing countries to take "all appropriate measures to restore control of the [hijacked] aircraft to its lawful commander." The Hague Convention of 1970 called for the prosecution of captured hijackers. An agreement in Bonn in 1978 attempted to go a step further: the country that accepts hijackers must either prosecute or extradite them—or else face the cutoff of commercial air traffic by the other countries.

The guise of terrorism

Neither Syria nor Pakistan are Bonn signatories. But some experts feel that such sanctions should be imposed against them, anyway. If Syria gives the Pakistani hijackers sanctuary, says the University of Aberdeen's Paul Wilkinson, "the signatories of the Bonn declaration* should invoke its provisions for severing all air links with any country that gives haven to skyjackers." Adds Wilkinson: "We must make governments in high-risk areas painfully aware that they and the terrorists will pay a heavy price."

Some experts argue that the best deterrent to the seizing of hostages is a demonstrated willingness to fight fire with fire. Successful examples: the Israeli commando raid on Entebbe in 1976, the Dutch army's storming of a hijacked commuter train in 1977, the West German assault at Mogadishu, Somalia, four months later and the British commando rescue at the Iranian embassy in London in 1980. Says U.S. Antiterrorism Expert Robert Kupperman: "Right after Mogadishu and the Dutch train incident, the world became convinced that Western governments would risk killing everybody if they have to."

Many Third World countries lack the military expertise for such operations. Kupperman suggests that Pakistan, for instance, might have used outside mercenaries. Wilkinson goes further, calling for an "international hostage rescue force" that would counter terrorists round the globe.

*The U.S., West Germany, France, Britain, Japan, Canada and Italy.

EL SALVADOR

"We Are from These People"

An antiguerrilla patrol—a firefight, death and fleas

The U.S. policy of aiding the Salvadoran armed forces in their drive against the country's leftist guerrillas continued to provoke resistance last week. In San Salvador unidentified gunmen sprayed the U.S. embassy with automatic rifle fire. In San José, Costa Rica, a bomb damaged a van carrying U.S. Marine guards to the embassy, wounding three Marines and two civilians. A leftist group claimed credit for the bombing and called for a "halt to the Yankee intervention in El Salvador." In the Salvadoran countryside, meanwhile, government forces continued their counterinsurgency operations on several fronts. Last week TIME *Correspondent Bernard Diederich joined one such search-and-destroy mission near the town of Suchitoto, 20 miles northeast of the capital. His report:*

The sun was already high when Black Troop, a unit of Salvadoran cavalry, moved out of Palo Grande, a tiny hamlet near the Guazapa volcano. The troop, comprising three squads of 25 men each, was commanded by Captain Juan Vicente, 29, a tall, taciturn veteran. The soldiers left their three small French Panhard armored cars parked beside the village church and began climbing slowly toward a suspected guerrilla base on a distant hillside.

The cavalry, along with National Guard troops and a unit of the army's First Infantry brigade, has been operating in this area for nearly three weeks. The units usually spend eight days in the field before being relieved, each time leaving their steel helmets, which are in short supply, for their replacements. Most units operate as single patrols. Explains Captain Juan Vicente: "This is no combined operation. We don't have the men for that."

It is indeed ideal guerrilla country: dense scrub and jungle interspersed with small farms, low stone walls everywhere. The coffee trees are in bloom, but most of the farms are deserted. The soldiers had prepared for combat that morning by cleaning all their weapons. The officers, who have few privileges, saw to their own. Most carried the West German–made G3 automatic rifle. Young Lieut. Eliu knelt down with his squad and uttered his own simple prebattle invocation: "God, look after us and make us act with justice and rectitude and not be driven by our emotions."

Soldiers prepare to load and fire a mortar

Young Salvadoran cavalrymen in front of their armored car before moving out

No way to tell whether the shells had hit or whether the guerrillas had decided to retreat.

Young trooper takes cover near Palo Grande

Captain Juan Vicente communicated with his three squad leaders by radio, because it was impossible to see more than a few feet through the jungle and coffee trees. The patrol moved on, clambering up a soft cliff face in the clammy heat.

At the top of the hill in a cornfield, we ran into a full-scale firefight. The guerrillas opened up with a .30-cal. machine gun from a clump of trees on a neighboring hilltop. Captain Juan Vicente radioed to Red Troop, an infantry unit operating near by. "Chele, Chele [Blondie], this is Grapefruit," he barked. "We have contact with their machine gun." He ordered Red Troop to move up and try to cut off the rebels. Turning to his own men, he muttered, "They're firing away like madmen. Let's hope they'll use up all their ammunition." Lieut. Jorge, a squad commander, struggled to set up a 60-mm mortar while his men fired M79 grenade launchers at the enemy gunners. When the first mortar shell overshot its target, a taunting cry echoed from the guerrillas' hilltop position: "Come and get us, you queer cowards!"

Jorge then ordered up fire support from the armored cars' 90-mm guns back in Palo Grande. Captain Juan Vicente warned him to make sure of the coordinates or the guns would "blow us to hell too." The salvos were on target; after two rounds the machine gun fell silent. There was no way to tell whether the shells had hit it or whether the guerrillas had decided to retreat.

The soldiers fanned out along a dead-end track leading to Cerro los Ganchos, a favorite guerrilla observation post. Along the way, they stopped to search deserted farms, with their seed bins full of grain and with little family shrines with holy pictures on their plain walls.

The Giron ranch, in Cerro los Ganchos, was searched more thoroughly than the others. While a sniper with bad aim kept M16 bullets zinging through the banana leaves, soldiers discovered a hidden gun position, two first-aid backpacks, a homemade grenade, a Claymore mine and a 100-year-old muzzle-loading rifle.

From the ranch, with its commanding view of the surrounding country and the Guazapa volcano, sharp-eyed soldiers picked out two figures armed with rifles moving down the mountainside. "When they are in range, tell them to halt with hands up," the captain ordered. The call echoed over the valley, but the two figures chose to run. The soldiers bowled them over with their G3s. One fell on his back; a red stain appeared on his shirt. Two other guerrillas were also killed that afternoon from the Giron veranda.

By evening Black Troop had used stones to set up a defensive position in the yard. They expected a counterattack. In the cookhouse, meanwhile, soldiers started to prepare tortillas. Then came an order: "Chicken to the pot." Laughing and tripping over one another, the soldiers finally managed to catch 20 or so chickens around the farmhouse. As night fell, Red Troop arrived; a group of women and children also came to seek protection. A nightlong thunderstorm kept the guerrillas away, but it also obliged the troops not on guard duty, officers and men alike, to sleep on the veranda, with its large population of aggressive fleas.

In the morning Captain Juan Vicente radioed the Palo Grande headquarters and proposed that his men hold the ranch as an advance post to continue the search for the guerrillas' base and hidden weapons. To everyone's surprise the answer was "negative." Black Troop was to return to base. On the way down the hill the soldiers encountered no resistance. But close to Palo Grande, a squad ran into a group of 25 guerrillas. One soldier was wounded in the head. He was Black Troop's only casualty; a Red Troop lieutenant had been killed in the previous day's firefight.

Overall, Black Troop approached the guerrilla war as professional soldiers. They were not consumed by hate, but they had strong opinions about the war's causes and its victims. "We are from these people," Lieut. Eliu once said pensively, pointing to a small farmhouse. "We know how life treats them."

Both officers and men seemed pleased with the demise of the rich landlords, and there were lots of digs at the "14 families," the oligarchy that had dominated El Salvador for more than a century. They were also wary of politicians, especially the professional soldiers who had gone into politics and become, they said, as corrupt as the politicians. For the moment, though, Black Troop's job was to help the politicians win a war that could, in the words of Captain Juan Vicente, "go on for a long time, perhaps for years." ■

POLAND

Bad Day at Bydgoszcz

Police brutality almost touches off a national crisis

One small spark in Poland's eight-month confrontation between the government and the reform-minded unionists of Solidarity could touch off a conflagration. Last week in Bydgoszcz (pop. 300,000), 140 miles northwest of Warsaw, the flash was almost struck. For three days, farmers demanding their own union, Rural Solidarity, had occupied a government building. Somehow, the tensions of the peasant sit-in swirled across town to another meeting at the Bydgoszcz provincial council building, where local Solidarity members and Rural Solidarity activists sought to discuss the situation with the Provisional People's Council.

Suddenly, two local officials entered the room and ordered the unionists to leave. They refused—and were immediately attacked by 200 riot police. At least 26 of the 40 or so people who were in the group were beaten, some severely enough to need hospitalization. One of the most seriously injured was local Solidarity Leader Jan Rulewski.

The assault marked the first use of force by police since Poland's labor troubles began last July—and the first serious breakdown in the tenuous recent truce between the government and Solidarity. The nation's workers reacted angrily. Lech Walesa and other Solidarity leaders, who had been trying to stave off strikes and work stoppages elsewhere, rushed to Bydgoszcz to comfort the injured and demand retribution against the police. Addressing an overflow meeting of outraged unionists, Walesa alternately stirred his listeners with attacks on the Communist apparatus and urged them not to react too rashly. "Those bandits and sadists from the security apparatus must be dismissed," he insisted. Walesa warned that, if necessary, the union could bring the entire country to a standstill in half an hour. To prove his point, union members in Bydgoszcz and the neighboring province of Torun called a two-hour strike. As sirens wailed and church bells pealed, 500,000 workers laid down their tools. Solidarity also mounted a national strike alert, meaning that unless the government takes satisfactory action against the Bydgoszcz police the country could be hit by a general strike.

Walesa did his best to cool tempers during his visit to Bydgoszcz. "Not all the authorities are swine," the Solidarity leader said. Then he warned them that "you must realize that a general strike would be the end of our struggle. One side has an army and we have none."

Not only did the other side have an army, but that army had some awesome guests on hand last week. The Bydgoszcz protests coincided with the beginning of "Soyuz 81" maneuvers to test Warsaw Pact military communications. The maneuvers were centered at Legnica, headquarters for the 40,000 Soviet troops stationed in Poland. They made it even easier for Moscow to move against Solidarity if it wanted to. Thus Walesa was cautiously trying to avoid any confrontation.

Even so, the spark could still be struck this week if Solidarity and the government cannot reach some workable agreements. At week's end, Polish Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski sent a top-level commission to Bydgoszcz to try to defuse the crisis. But after a tour of the country, Adam Bromke, a political scientist and Poland specialist at McMaster University in Ontario, was pessimistic about the long-range outcome. The Communist Party and the union, he told TIME Correspondent Richard Hornik, are "two trains heading for a collision. They are entering a situation that nobody controls." ■

Polish Labor Leader Lech Walesa (right) addressing rally after the police attack

"Those bandits and sadists from the security apparatus must be dismissed."

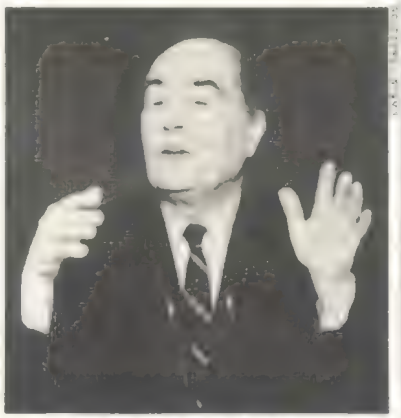
FRANCE

A Campaign Catches Fire

Giscard takes on his challengers—and those notorious diamonds

The French presidential campaign had begun to resemble a tedious exercise in shadowboxing and issue ducking. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing remained in lofty seclusion behind the ornate iron gates of the Elysée Palace. Socialist Candidate François Mitterrand slipped away for tours to the U.S. and China. Neo-Gaullist Jacques Chirac drifted off for a week in the Caribbean. Even Communist Candidate Georges Marchais confined himself largely to preaching to the converted in party districts like Paris' working-class suburbs. Then suddenly last week, the gloves came off and the slugging began.

Giscard landed the first blows. During a televised panel interview, he taunted principal rival Mitterrand, a two-time loser in previous election bids, for his record as France's most unsuccessful presidential candidate. Giscard charged that sooner or later Mitterrand would be forced to make a deal with the Communists. The pointed implication: he would not be able to get elected, or govern, without Communist support.



Mitterrand invelghs against the incumbent

It was a masterly performance. Gone were the Louis XV chairs and crystal chandeliers of Giscard's previous televised appearances from the presidential palace that had contributed to a growing image of "monarchical" hauteur. In the state-run TV studio, a relaxed and animated President chatted, swiveled in his chair and consulted visual aids to make his points. His new style made a good-humored mockery of journalists' questions about the "Giscardian monarchy." Said he: "You are posing stupid questions, but I will answer them."

The French President makes his case on TV

Gone were the previous trappings of monarchical hauteur.

Mitterrand retaliated with a broadside of his own. Speaking in a televised campaign appearance, he called Giscard Moscow's "little mailman," a malicious reference to charges that the French President had conveyed word from Leonid Brezhnev last year of a phony Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan. The President, he continued, had received a virtual endorsement from the Soviet newspaper *Pravda* for his secret meeting with Brezhnev last May. Said Mitterrand: "I understand why *Pravda* is content with Mr. Giscard d'Estaing. I did not wait eleven days to protest the invasion of Afghanistan." Fortunately, he added, "it is not the Russians who are voting, but the French." In his own defense, Mitterrand managed to downplay his major liability—past association with the defunct Socialist-Communist Alliance—by indicating that he would bring no Communists into a Mitterrand Cabinet.

Giscard lieutenants, who only the day before had talked smugly about remaining above the fray, could no longer contain themselves. Foreign Minister Jean François-Poncet blasted Mitterrand for his lack of patriotism and the "rudeness of his expression." Fumed Prime Minister Raymond Barre: "As a Frenchman, I was revolted."

The other two major candidates were quick to pass judgment on the Giscard-Mitterrand crossfire, and both took aim at Giscard. Paris Mayor Chirac, leader of the Gaullist wing of Giscard's own center-right coalition, accused Giscard's defenders of being antidemocratic for trying to portray Mitterrand's dissenting view of Giscard's foreign policy as an attack on the honor of France. Marchais, meanwhile, criticized Mitterrand for going too easy on Giscard. "The only reproach Mitterrand makes is that Giscard is not sufficiently anti-Soviet," he snapped with characteristic bluntness.

The furor had barely begun to subside when Giscard suddenly came under fire from another quarter. *Le Canard Enchaîné*, the Paris weekly that had accused the President in 1979 of accepting a small fortune in diamonds from deposed Central African Emperor Jean-Bédel Bokassa, published new evidence casting serious doubt on Giscard's latest explanation of the affair. In his television appearance, Giscard had seemed to put the bizarre matter to rest by explaining that he had received nothing more from Bokassa than had been offered other heads of state. The diamonds were not "large stones having great value." He said he had deposited them for safekeeping in the Elysée until Bokassa's overthrow, then had sold them and delivered the proceeds to several Central African charities, including the Red Cross.

Le Canard published a cable from a Red Cross representative in the Central African Republic named Ruth Rolland: "I have received no gift from the President of the French Republic." The Elysée nervously countered that the money had been sent a month ago, on Feb. 4, not some 18 months ago, as Giscard had suggested on television. Moreover, Giscard aides explained, the money had not been sent directly to the charities, but rather to the Central African government of David Dacko, Bokassa's successor. Dacko confirmed the receipt of the money earmarked for the Red Cross, then revealed the amount: $8,000. Paris jewelers quickly noted that a single-carat diamond of good quality was worth as much.

Giscard also had to contend with the publication this week of a book that the French public has long expected might tell all about the diamonds and Giscard's relations with Bokassa. *Manipulation*, by Roger Delpey, is anticlimactic, but it does contradict Giscard's account in some respects.

Delpey alleges that one batch of 36 top-grade gems was given to Giscard while he was still Finance Minister, and thus it would have been unusual to have stored them with other state gifts in the Elysée. He also claims that Bokassa gave some 200 stones to Giscard over the years, which would presumably be worth far more than $8,000. Delpey's disclosures will hardly make Giscard's campaign any easier. With seven weeks to go, the latest polls show Giscard and Mitterrand running neck and neck. —*By Russ Hoyle. Reported by Sandra Burton/Paris*

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WEST GERMANY

The Squatters

A struggle for shelter spreads

An unusual and painful environmental epidemic is sweeping West Germany. In Bremen last week a crowd of demonstrators stoned the town hall and had to be dispersed with tear gas and water cannons. In Hamburg, police moved into a march of 5,000 youthful protesters and made nine arrests for rock throwing. In West Berlin, young people barricaded themselves in buildings and hung out signs: HERE WE LIVE AND HERE WE STAY —WE SHALL OVERCOME.

The police and the demonstrators were at war over squatting, the illegal takeover of unused housing. Squatting is not a new phenomenon in the major cities of housing-short Western Europe, but it has been gathering force in recent months, particularly in West Germany. Arrests of squatters have led to more demonstrations and begun to spill over into a broader, ill-defined protest against everything from materialism and technology to authority in general. Officials in Bonn fear the squatters' movement could become politicized or even develop links with terrorists.

West Germany's severe housing shortage touched off the current wave of squatting about two years ago, first among students, then among young professionals, academics and workers seeking housing at any affordable price. In West Berlin, 75,000 people are looking for apartments; only 7,000 are available at inflated prices (up to $600 a month for a dilapidated two-bedroom unit in a rundown neighborhood).

Not surprisingly, house hunters turned to the city's 800 empty buildings, most of them awaiting the wrecker's ball. About 2,000 squatters have moved into 120 such structures, many of them in the city's old Kreuzberg district. At first, comparatively sympathetic police looked the other way, more or less leaving the squatters alone. But the settlement situation turned acrimonious last December when police, ordered by judges to enforce property rights of landlords, raided a squatters' building in Kreuzberg. Violent protests flared. Three consecutive weekends of street battles left 150 demonstrators and 100 police injured and caused $500,000 in damage. Similar disorders suddenly flared in other European cities, most notably Amsterdam and Zurich. The squatters put much of the blame on local housing authorities for an inability to cope with social change—not only population increases and the influx of foreign workers but such variables as more divorces, which create double housing requirements.

"What is really criminal," says a 24-year-old mechanic who lives with his wife and three children in a rundown building in Kreuzberg's Oranienstrasse, "is not that we are breaking the law, which we are, but that shelter is going unused." Another young, illegal Oranienstrasse resident recalls the travail of walking Berlin streets for a year looking for a place to live. Says she: "It was a nightmare. If you came across a place by chance, the owner would demand $5,000 in key money. Who can afford that?"

In an attempt to cope with the pressures and hold down the price of new housing, West Berlin authorities have recently shifted from a policy of leveling old housing to make room for new, to one of gutting structures for interior rehabilitation. Other legislative efforts are under way to make some squatting legal, and even to provide low-rent leases. Meanwhile the squatters are digging in for a long fight. Their defiant mood is plain from a banner draped from a balcony of one building in West Berlin: PRISON SOLVES THE HOUSING PROBLEM. ■

Helmeted police and demonstrating squatters tussle in West Berlin's Kreuzberg district

A nightmarish travail of walking the streets for a year looking for a place to live.

ARMED FORCES

A Half-Won War

"Things go better with coke"

For the past two years, the U.S. Army and the West German government have cooperated in a campaign against a tide of hard-drug use that has threatened to engulf both German youth and U.S. military personnel. In 1980 West German police seized a record 263 kilograms of heroin in raids across the country. Last year a sweep of one 15,000-strong U.S. military installation near Frankfurt resulted in the capture of $4 million worth of mostly marijuana and hashish and arrest of 146 U.S. soldiers. Another operation in northwest Germany netted 44 drug offenders, 18 of them U.S. soldiers. Military police seized 15.3 grams of heroin, 805 LSD tablets and 8,990 amphetamine pills. But they recovered only small amounts of hashish from the Americans arrested. Indeed, the joint U.S.–West German efforts have now begun to pay off —sort of. According to the latest Army figures, the number of soldiers caught using dangerous drugs like heroin has dropped an impressive 40% since last year. But there is a major catch: marijuana and cocaine use is soaring.

Though Army officials are heartened by the sharp decline in heroin use, they are plainly concerned about the increased popularity of softer drugs in the ranks. And with good reason. Last year courts-martial connected with cocaine, marijuana and hashish trafficking or use jumped an eye-opening 122%. The new drug of particular preference among U.S. servicemen? Cocaine, known in the street vernacular as coke.

"The men are hooked on the idea that things go better with coke," cracks a U.S. drug-control officer. He theorizes that only the astronomical price (currently $30 for .03 gram) is keeping even greater cocaine use in check. Worries another: "As demand grows, smuggling will increase, prices will drop and usage will probably increase. Stories about cocaine's popularity in the States don't help either."

Even more worrisome is the Army's not so foolproof method of detecting cocaine use, which consists of descending on a unit without warning to administer urine tests on a spot basis. The tests are supposed to detect the presence of benzoylecgonine, a component of the drug. The system, like many an effective military operation, relies on surprise. Unfortunately, because of lax security in scheduling the tests, that element is not always present. Says one troubled officer: "In some places the troops find out through the grapevine about a urine test five days ahead of time. You can get most anything out of your system with that kind of lead time. We aren't close to winning any drug war yet." ■

MIDDLE EAST

Facing Up to the Last Retreat

Israeli settlers already mourn the loss of the Sinai

In little more than a year's time, Israel will transfer to full Egyptian sovereignty the remaining third of the wedge-shaped 23,622 sq.-mi. Sinai Peninsula that it has occupied since the Six-Day War of June 1967. That final withdrawal, which must be completed by April 25, 1982, is already making waves. Last week Israeli settlers in the area blocked local roads in protest, while sympathizers in Jerusalem threatened to demonstrate in front of Prime Minister Menachem Begin's office. In Washington, meanwhile, Secretary of State Alexander Haig revived a controversial proposal that could station more than 1,000 U.S. peace-keeping troops in the buffer zone that will guarantee the security of the two countries after the withdrawal.* TIME *Jerusalem Bureau Chief David Aikman last week traveled across the much-disputed area. His report:*

Bedouin and tourist on camel near Red Sea

Egyptian entrepreneurs wait in the wings.

To outsiders, the very name Sinai conjures up wilderness and desolation. But to some 5,000 Israeli settlers, the startlingly beautiful desert has offered tempting development possibilities, from innovative agricultural communes among the sand dunes near the Mediterranean to the tourist centers along the superb beaches of the Red Sea coast. For them, giving up the last of the Sinai will be a traumatic experience. Many are already bitter and confused. Says Sara Feifels, 40, a Sinai settler since 1974: "When we heard about Camp David, it was like someone saying our child was dying. I went through a period like mourning." Feifels and her husband Chaim run the general store in Yamit, an ambitious Israeli development town begun seven years ago near the Gaza Strip. Today Yamit is less than one-quarter complete. The stores in its tidy shopping center are gradually closing.

The tenacious 2,500 people still at Yamit have all been offered generous Israeli government compensation for leaving, and most have accepted. But some are still obdurate. Students at the town's yeshiva have hinted that they may barricade themselves inside their dormitory when the deadline comes. Says Tsuriel Biblil, 24: "I won't kill any soldiers, but I won't let anyone take me from here."

Barely a mile from Yamit, at the cooperative farm of Moshav Sadot, the Sinai's sandy hinterland has been transformed into a verdant cornucopia. Tomato, eggplant and pepper plants, mango and lichee nut trees are nourished in long rows by painstaking drip irrigation. Collective farmers like those of Moshav Sadot are demanding at least half of the estimated $2.2 billion—or 13% of the 1981 national budget—that Israel has set aside as compensation for the Sinai settlers. But even that will not console all of them. Says Ella Weizman, 31, who sits tensely with her husband Vito in the comfortable living room of their farm home: "We came to nothing, and we made something out of it. You can't pay for the soul and the dreams we put into this place."

The stubborn mood extends to the Red Sea coast, where two Israeli resort settlements have sprung up between Eilat, at the top of the Gulf of Aqaba, and Sharm el Sheikh, near the Sinai's southern tip. The new spas, havens for Israeli tourists, foreign sightseers and hippies, are tolerant to a degree unheard of in Israel. Sunbathers routinely strip naked on the placid beaches. Hashish, smuggled from Egypt, is freely available. Many of the Israeli hoteliers and other developers would like to stay on after April 1982, but the Egyptian entrepreneurs waiting in the wings have resisted all proposals to set up possible joint ventures because they figure they will simply take over the resort facilities altogether.

Such concerns, however, are minor compared with the issue of military security. To Israeli government officials, the Sinai has above all been a strategic early-warning zone, affording precious time to react to any military moves against Israel's western border. Most of all, they are preparing to mourn the loss next year of two multibillion-dollar air force bases at Eitam and Etzion. The supersecret and formidably protected Etzion field is described by U.S. experts as "the finest tactical fighter base in the world." During the 1973 October War, Israeli Mirage interceptors scrambled from the field to win 42 aerial dogfights without a loss.

On one typical day at Etzion, at 10-sec. intervals, a flight of pale blue Israeli-made Kfir jet fighters hurtled off the runway in follow-the-leader sequence toward the south. Looking up at the streaking planes, a senior officer mused, "We will take with us whatever is economical to take. The rest we will destroy."

To fill the strategic gap, the Israelis are building two new airfields, Ovda and Ramon, in the north and south of the Negev. Meantime, Israeli air force officials are looking at ways to keep Etzion operational until the very last minute before the transfer. Said one officer: "Some Americans say privately to us that they can't believe we can give it back." If the Israelis cannot retain the two Sinai bases, they would like the U.S. to have access to them —but that idea is strongly opposed by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat.

For all the problems of the impending change, there are some Sinai dwellers who view it all with stoic detachment. They are the 32,000 local Bedouin nomads, many of whom have grown relatively rich from the job opportunities provided by the Israelis. Yet at least part of their timeless perspective remains. Says gray-bearded Khnebesh Rabiya, a local coffee vendor: "We don't care about Egypt or Israel. What we care about is whether our camels have enough to eat." ■

*Since March 1979, Israel has relinquished the western two-thirds of the Sinai, where some 180 U.S. civilian technicians remain as a watchdog force.

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War Stories

Discovering El Salvador

For more than a year the story was all but ignored by much of the press. Then President Reagan decided to "draw the line" against Soviet and Cuban adventurism in El Salvador, and dispatched some 20 military instructors and $25 million in hardware to the tiny Central American nation. Almost overnight, scores of television, radio, newspaper, wire service and magazine reporters from all over the world descended on the capital city of San Salvador. Soon there were suggestions that El Salvador could turn into another Viet Nam. One reminder of Viet Nam was the press itself. Television crews chased after combat footage, and correspondents clutched their microphones in the jungle as puffs of smoke appeared in distant treetops.

Compared with Viet Nam or even Nicaragua, the fighting was light. Even so, competition among the networks was as ferocious as a TV ratings war, and some correspondents attributed it to just that. With Walter Cronkite's retirement from the anchor position at CBS *Evening News*, the scramble for viewers has been more intense than usual. Admits ABC *World News Tonight* Executive Producer Jeff Gralnick: "Without Cronkite on the scene, people are sampling."

Although combat action was in short supply, the random, almost casual violence all around them disturbed the journalists. Says ABC's Barrie Dunsmore: "You can be shot in the hotel coffee shop as easily as in the bush." In the past two weeks, a CBS crew was robbed by guerrillas armed with automatic weapons; an ABC reporter had a gun pointed at his head in downtown San Salvador by a man who then simply drove away; and NBC Cameraman Hermes Muñoz was held up by masked men as he left San Vicente. When Muñoz protested that he was a newsman, one of the guerrillas muttered, "Newsmen will be the first to die." Indeed, at least five foreign journalists have been among the more than 15,000 killed over the past 15 months; three others are missing.

Dismayed by the intensive coverage it had created, the Administration two weeks ago tried to downplay the story, which was "running about five times as big as it really is," according to a State Department official. Last week, White House Spokesman James Brady said that remark did not reflect the President's thinking. With the Administration unable to decide how big a story El Salvador was, the press was exercising its own news judgment. Says one network hand in El Salvador: "We've been told to do a piece on the effects of the war on the economy, which means the story is winding down." ■

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Interviews, Soft or Savage

The interview started as a trial of strength, as interviews by the volatile Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci inevitably must. Lech Walesa, the Polish union leader, said: "I am a man with a goal to reach so I don't give a damn . . . Not for the books, not for the interviews, not for the Nobel Prize and even less for you." Fallaci answers: "Listen, Walesa . . . if you don't mind, I am the one who asks. Now let's start." Soon Walesa confesses that "I'm tired, bloody tired, and not only in my body . . . I'm tired inside, in the soul." Yet he also realizes that in Poland, "the rage that people would like to burst like a bomb must be controlled. And I know how to control it, because I know how to reason though I am not a learned man." He fields questions about his early arrests, his tactics, his dependence on the Polish church, his readiness to die, his conviction that the Soviets won't intervene, then says her difficult questions "give me a headache." At the end of a remarkable interview, however, Walesa has given his trust to her.

Without the distracting presence of cameras, Fallaci stress-tests the people she interviews. Her method makes most interviews on American television seem tepid. Only William F. Buckley Jr., with the practiced assurance of a Catholic debater, similarly confronts his subjects as an equal in discourse (and sometimes barely conceals his suspicion that he is the intellectual superior). Bill Moyers is apt to be overrespectful, perhaps because he often interviews people he admires. Mike Wallace so single-mindedly bears in on someone's vulnerability that he rarely shows the person in the round.

Oriana Fallaci

One of Barbara Walters' skills is her apologetic whammy number. Her classic use of this tactic was with the Jimmy Carters, insisting that she felt just too embarrassed even to bring up her next question, until Carter, to put her at ease, begged her to go ahead, and—wham!—found himself obliged to discuss whether he and Rosalynn slept in single beds or a double bed in the White House. Walters can talk sense with Sadat, but at other times can ask the most banal of fan magazine questions: "What was your biggest thrill?" Her best performances must occur off-screen, when by exerting charm or power or both she persuades people in the news that they had better be interviewed first by her. Nobody has had such command over celebrities since the columnist Louella Parsons ruled Hollywood.

The condoned babble of celebrities on television has done much to diminish the art of the interview. In contrast to such fluff, Lawrence Spivak in the early days of NBC's *Meet the Press* set a standard for Sunday talk shows with politicians. He refused to court either the guest or the audience. The aim of such shows, after all, is to inform more than to entertain. In fair, informed and gentlemanly questioning, no one excels Robert MacNeil and Jim Lehrer of public television. The self-restraint is admirable, but such a style of questioning lacks the articulate aplomb, the audacity that is close to rudeness, favored by British interviewers who put their own country's political figures in the dock, Fallaci-style.

Fallaci herself gains from the fact that some of her best subjects—like the Ayatullah Khomeini or Colonel Gaddafi—are not used to being questioned so undeferentially. Almost all American public figures have long since been overinterviewed. Often they have nothing fresh to say. Put them before cameras, and their minds instinctively begin to work on what not to say.

Ronald Reagan is the first President to be more at ease on-camera than those who interview him. That showed in Walter Cronkite's interview. When those two top contenders for the title of Mr. Likeable were pitted against each other, the interview almost ground to a halt out of mutual agreeableness. Cronkite soon found himself compelled to question the answers he was getting with a little more sharpness than he usually does. Reagan, as he steps in or out of limousines, is also skilled at throwing out a one-line response to a question about the day's news, as if doing an unseen body of reporters a smiling favor.

Interviews are like riding a seesaw. If a player prevails too easily, one end bangs to the ground. There should be no automatic victors—neither overbearing interviewers nor subjects too slickly practiced in evasion. The real winner is supposed to be a third party, the public.

The Fastest Gun in the West

Cowboy Attorney Gerry Spence mows down corporate giants

He failed his first bar exam. When he walks into the courtroom, he sports snakeskin cowboy boots, a knee-length beaver coat and a ten-gallon Stetson. His outside interests have included selling bull semen. During one trial, he kept an intriguing box on the table in front of him. The contents: the embalmed leg his plaintiff had lost in the accident at issue. He won some $300,000 in damages.

Gerry Spence, 52, of Jackson, Wyo., is part cowboy, part actor and all lawyer. Says one of Spence's victims: "He's so good that he shouldn't be permitted in a courtroom." He has not lost a case before a jury in twelve years, even though he regularly takes on the polished lawyers who represent powerful corporations. The multimillion-dollar losers include the Kerr-McGee energy conglomerate, for allowing Employee Karen Silkwood to be contaminated with plutonium; Squibb, for marketing an inadequately tested pregnancy-detection drug (Gestest) that apparently caused birth defects; and, most recently, *Penthouse* magazine, for a 1979 article that libeled a former Miss Wyoming, Kimerli Pring. The jury awarded her $26.5 million last month, a record if it survives court challenges by the magazine. Next month in Salt Lake City, Spence shoots for his biggest haul yet—$110 million—when he squares off against Utah officials on behalf of the widow and children of a man shot by Utah police.

The primary factor in Spence's prodigious success rate appears to be his way with juries. A commanding 6 ft. 2 in. and 225 lbs., he is in constant motion in the courtroom, sometimes edging up to the jury railing to make a point in the deep, reassuring baritone that almost led him into a singing career, or to confess disarmingly: "I'm a little anxious about whether I can represent my client—I just wanted to share that with you." Says a former partner, Robert Rose, now chief justice of Wyoming's supreme court: "He comes off as so real that jurors trust him. They have to decide which side to be on, and if he wants to be your friend, you can barely resist him." Spence likes to illustrate his arguments with graphic props, such as an old milking stool whose legs he removes, one by one, to show how his opponent's case collapses without certain supports. He also favors folksy sayings like "You've got to get the hogs out of the spring if you want to get the water cleared up."

The lawyer with winning Client Kimerli Pring, a former Miss Wyoming

"Jurors trust him. If he wants to be your friend, you can barely resist him."

In the *Penthouse* trial, Spence used a typical strategy: portraying his client as a simple, small victim of big malign forces. To the six Cheyenne jurors, he characterized *Penthouse* Publisher Bob Guccione, 50, as an arrogant, unprincipled New Yorker, "the gentleman sitting over there in the velvet pants." When Guccione suggested that only people with the intelligence of a "flatworm" would think the disputed article was nonfiction, Spence, a University of Wyoming law graduate, began to refer to himself and fellow state residents as mere flatworms. He also listed 15 similarities between Pring and the protagonist of the article, which described how a baton-twirling Miss Wyoming used her sexual prowess to try to win the Miss America Pageant.

Another key to Spence's success is exhaustive preparation. In readying the *Penthouse* case, he and the staff (two investigators, six aides) at his six-lawyer firm amassed 25 boxes of evidence, including transcripts of interviews with some of the 111 witnesses questioned. For ten days before the trial began, Spence closeted himself in his office and in his new 21-room home at the base of the Teton Mountains and studied every detail. He called in his wife Imaging, 39, and two of their six children to screen "home movies"—videotaped interviews with witnesses—in search of inconsistencies. He also prepares physically by running 15 miles a week and shunning alcohol and tobacco. The cost of all this is reflected in Spence's fees: usually 50% of a winning judgment, rather than the standard 33%. His hefty annual income, he says, is confidential.

Spence's golden years came only after a shattering midlife crisis. In 1968 his 20-year first marriage was failing. He had become a heavy drinker. His effort to be appointed a judge had failed. He closed down his firm, sold all his property and headed for California. When he returned soon thereafter he lost three straight cases —and what was left of his self-confidence.

Spence credits three things for reversing his tailspin. One was his 1969 marriage to Imaging (a name Spence gave her after it came to him in a dream). Another was a change of mission: he rid himself of insurance company clients and began representing underdogs. The third was some sensitivity training that he claims enables him to be open and genuine in front of juries. "You can't fool twelve people very long," he says. "That's the beauty of our system."

His detractors see his courtroom behavior in a different light. "He pushes people to the wall; he creates his own rules," charges one critic. Even admirers concede that Spence is aggressive. Sometimes, says Wyoming Governor Ed Herschler, "he has one foot in the jury box." Replies Spence: "A lawyer who fails to work right on the edge and leave no margin is failing his client." In the little free time Spence allows himself, he likes to write poems and photograph flowers and birds.

In his next big case, Spence will be trying to prove that state and county police shot Polygamist John Singer, an excommunicated Mormon, in the back without justification in the climax of a dispute over whether he could educate his children at home. Viewed in advance, it looks to Spence the way all his cases look: "Absolutely frightening." To hear him tell it, he approaches the trial arena in a state of high tension and fear that he may lose. "All the basic feelings of combat and death are there," he says. And now that many consider him the best in the West —perhaps even in the nation—his anxiety only increased: "Every young gunfighter wants me." —*By Bennett H. Beach. Reported by Richard Woodbury/Cheyenne*

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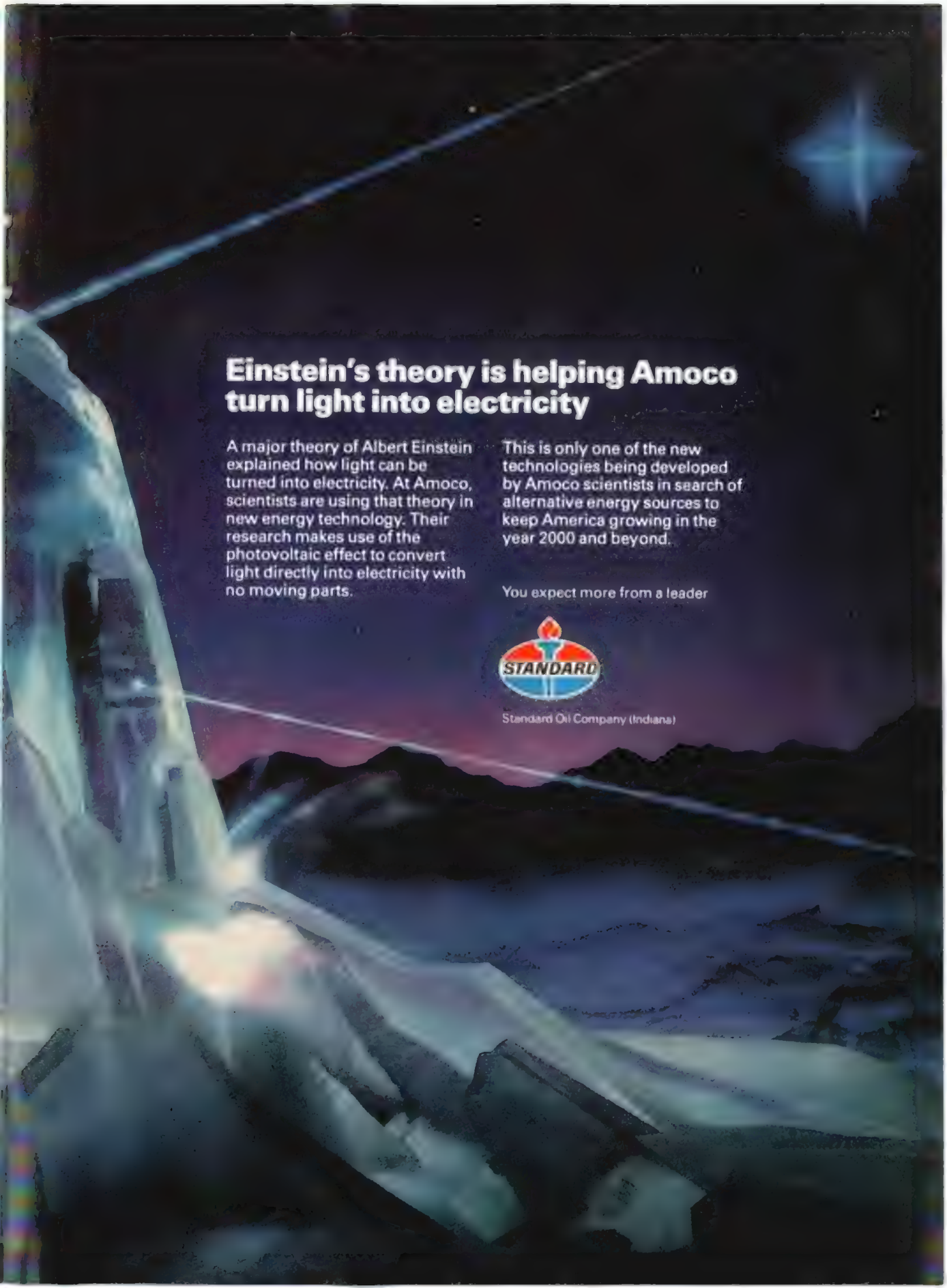
Einstein's theory is helping Amoco turn light into electricity
A major theory of Albert Einstein explained how light can be turned into electricity. At Amoco, scientists are using that theory in new energy technology. Their research makes use of the photovoltaic effect to convert light directly into electricity with no moving parts.
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Law

Expensive Time

Pay-as-you-go criminal?

According to his lawyers, Peter L. Krutschewski, 35, was "the most decorated helicopter pilot of the Viet Nam War" and "the oil genius of Michigan." According to federal prosecutors, he was also a big-time narcotics importer who smuggled $15 million worth of marijuana from Colombia to Gloucester, Mass., in 1975. During his trial in U.S. district court in Boston last year, Krutschewski did not deny the charges, but asked to be acquitted on grounds that he was temporarily insane, a delayed reaction to the stress of combat. His effort failed and Krutschewski, who runs an oil and gas exploration company in Lansing, Mich., which the judge insisted was started with smuggling profits, was sentenced to ten years in prison and fined the maximum $60,000. To win his freedom, the wealthy veteran proposed an unusual deal: he would donate $1.75 million to convict-rehabilitation programs and 30 hours a week to helping mental patients during four years of probation.

The proposal touched off a storm of criticism. Argued Martin D. Boudreau of the U.S. Attorney's Strike Force Against Organized Crime: "It would further encourage persons engaged in criminal activity to set aside a nest egg for the rainy day they are caught and brought to justice." In a Boston *Globe* you-play-the-judge poll, readers voted more than 3 to 1 to send Krutschewski to jail. But a juror who convicted him, Rachel Holmes, was sympathetic: "It would be wonderful if he could serve the community."

Last week the real jurist decided his course of action. At least indirectly, Federal District Court Judge Walter Jay Skinner had encouraged the idea. After handing down the tough sentence last fall, he had promised Krutschewski's lawyers that he would consider any sensible alternative sentence stripping the veteran of his tainted wealth. But the defense proposal failed to satisfy Skinner. In a 13-page decision, he concluded that the payment, large as it might be, would not be a great enough deterrent to stop the smuggling along the New England coast. Skinner also worried about the scheme's inherent discrimination: only the most financially successful criminals could afford to buy themselves out of jail.

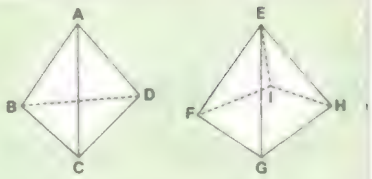
Krutschewski

Krutschewski, who is free on $50,000 bail awaiting an appeal, took the judge's rejection in stride. "I'm sad about his ruling," said the entrepreneur, "but he's got a job to do like anybody else." ■

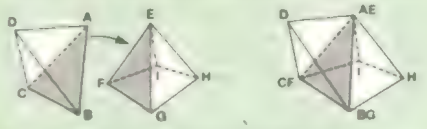
THE QUESTION

In pyramids ABCD and EFGHI shown here, all faces except base FGHI are equilateral triangles of equal size. If face ABC were placed on face EFG so that the vertices of the triangles coincide, how many exposed faces would the resulting solid have?

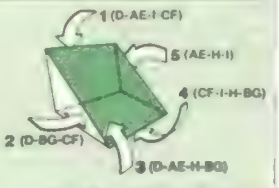
(A)5 (B)6 (C)7 (D)8 (E)9



AND THE UNEXPECTED ANSWER



When the two pyramids are placed together, D-AE-H-BG and D-AE-I-CF become continuous planes...



...thus the solid has 5 faces

Education

Crumbling the Pyramids

A Florida whiz kid beats the experts at the testing game

Most teen-agers would probably have been delighted to learn they had got 48 out of 50 questions right on a tough mathematical aptitude test. Not Daniel Lowen, 17, a junior at Cocoa Beach High School in Florida. Told his score in the math portion of the Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test that he took last fall along with 830,000 other students nationwide, Dan was displeased. He was convinced that his answer to question No. 44—one of those marked incorrect—was in fact correct. He even made a model to prove his case to his father, Douglas Lowen, an environmental system engineer on the space shuttle. Recalls Dan: "My dad tried to prove that I was wrong, but he couldn't."

Daniel Lowen

Neither could the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J., which prepared the aptitude test with the help of professional mathematicians. Alerted by Lowen *père*, the testmakers studied Dan's argument and had to concede that his answer was at least as good as their own, perhaps better. As a result, the testing service raised Dan's score, as well as the scores of 250,000 other students who picked the same answer in the multiple-choice exam, though probably for the wrong reason.

How had this young David managed to outwit the Goliaths of the testing world? In the disputed question, the students were shown a diagram of two pyramids. One consisted of four triangles, the other of four triangles plus a rectangular base. All the triangles were equilateral (that is, their sides were of the same length) and of the same size. The problem: if the two pyramids were joined by setting two triangles next to each other so they precisely coincided, how many faces would remain "exposed" in the resulting solid? The testers expected simple reasoning to provide the answer: together the pyramids had a total of nine faces; thus when two triangles are eliminated by joining the pyramids, seven faces are left in view.

Right? Yes, said a panel of college math professors who reviewed the question. No, said Dan Lowen, who realized that if the triangular faces of the pyramids are placed together, something else happens as well. Four other triangles—two on each pyramid—form two planes, thereby reducing the number of exposed faces by still two more. So the new solid has only five faces in all. After making models of their own, the math experts confessed that Lowen was right. Admitted University of Georgia's Jeremy Kilpatrick: "Our faces are red." Testing Service Vice President Arthur Kroll added, "We thought it was a test of logic and reasoning, but it turned out to be a problem in solid geometry." Because it was so easily misinterpreted, he says, "the question should not have been there at all."

The testing service acknowledges that a few slips have occurred in the exams before—"maybe half a dozen times in the past decade," says Kroll. What brought the latest error to light was a new policy, encouraged by truth-in-testing laws, of disclosing test answers to students.

Despite his triumph, Lowen has no plans at the moment to use his victory to advance a career in mathematics or the sciences. Says he: "Math is all right. But I prefer literature." ■

Boycott Blues

The South African connection

Because of South Africa's abhorrent racial policies, generations of golfers, tennis players, cricket teams and rugby clubs from that sports-minded country have endured boycotts and other sanctions. But now a number of Third World foes of apartheid have come up with a new, potentially more devastating weapon: a boycott against athletes from other nations guilty of playing in, or having other ties to, South Africa. Last month Nigeria detained three visiting British tennis pros because they had played the South African summer circuit. Guyana expelled a visiting British cricketer with South African connections, only to have the entire English team leave in a huff before the first match was played. Then, earlier this month, Trinidad canceled a planned visit by the Tampa Bay Rowdies because three of the soccer team's players come from South Africa.

A major force behind the new boycott is the Supreme Council for Sport in Africa, a loose association of sports officials in Third World nations. Three months ago, the group distributed the names of 159 athletes from 16 nations who have competed in South Africa from September to December of 1980—and urged countries to ban them. The movement has since been endorsed by a number of nations and international organizations, including the U.N. Special Committee Against Apartheid. The blacklist includes U.S. Tennis Players Stan Smith, Pat DuPre and Bob Lutz, World Boxing Association Heavyweight Champion Mike Weaver, British Golfer Nick Faldo and the entire French rugby team. Further additions are promised —possibly including Lee Trevino, who last month won a tournament in South Africa. As it is, the list is already having an impact. Lutz and Faldo have both declared that they will never again compete in South Africa. An Australian team canceled a cricketing tour there. Several leading members of the Irish rugby side have begged off their team's scheduled South African match. Says Arthur Ashe, the black former tennis star: "This is the next best thing to declaring war on South Africa."

The scope of the blacklist may soon widen to include not only athletes who have played in South Africa and those who have visited there for sporting events, but also athletes who play against South African teams on their own soil. Former World Heavyweight Boxing Champion Floyd Patterson was named simply because he attended a boxing bout held in South Africa as a spectator. The British cricketer expelled from Guyana, Robin Jackman, was so treated because he is married to a South African and spends the winter in that country. Fearing boycotts, Australia has even refused the South African Springbok rugby team permission to land there on its way to New Zealand this summer.

While the blacklist is forging a new sensitivity among fans and athletes, it is hardly delivering a crushing blow to front-rank competitors. It is supported largely by Third World nations, where comparatively few major international sporting events occur. Still, the blacklist is resented by many athletic figures as an unnecessary intrusion of politics into sport. "Barbaric," says U.S. Boxing Promoter Bob Arum, who has helped organize fights in South Africa. U.S. Tennis Player Brian Gottfried, who is not on the list, nonetheless calls it "a damned scandal."

Ironically, the boycott comes at a time when South Africa has begun to make progress toward desegregating its sports. Blacks are still excluded from many teams and facilities. Yet an investigative group from the British Sports Council concluded that fencing, karate, judo and track and field in South Africa are so integrated that participants should be allowed to compete internationally. The same has been said of soccer, and a French team of inquiry felt likewise about boxing. Though South Africa's national pastime, rugby, remains aggressively white, the Springboks squad now has one mulatto player. However admirable the blacklist may be, many South Africans fear that it threatens to undo this progress. Warns the pro-government Johannesburg *Citizen*: "There will be a tendency to say 'To hell with it all, we might as well forget about mixed sport and international contacts and play the game as we wish.' " ■

Jackman (right) after expulsion from Guyana

The next best thing to declaring war.

Bye-Bye Boston

Celtics and Bruins may leave

Boston may be the home of the bean and the cod, but it is no longer the home of the Braves or the Patriots. Come 1983, it may not even be the home of the Bruins or Celtics. Boston pioneered the art of losing the modern baseball franchise in 1953, when the Braves jumped to Milwaukee. In 1971 the football Patriots skipped to Foxboro, Mass., an hour's traffic jam away. Those shifts brought murmurs of resistance from Bostonians, who consider themselves the nation's most rabid sports fans. But now the locals are truly aghast. Because of a dispute over replacing Boston Garden, the creaking 52-year-old arena, the city's hockey team is likely to become the Salem (N.H.) Bruins, and its glamorous basketball team may be playing in Revere, Mass., or elsewhere in New England.

The city has waffled for 20 years on demands from the two teams for either a renovated Garden or a new one. In 1977 a committee named by Mayor Kevin White won agreement from the Bruins and Celtics to play in a proposed $40 million South Station sports complex. The project was torpedoed, largely by a state legislature loath to help White in his successful bid for re-election.

Now the Bruins have threatened to move to Rockingham Park, a fire-gutted race track in Salem, 37 miles from Boston. Delaware North Companies, the firm that owns both the Bruins and the Boston Garden, offered to rebuild the track and install the Bruins there in an 18,000-seat arena, in return for tax breaks and the right to begin dog racing.

Salem voters approved the dog racing, but the New Hampshire legislature wants a closer look, partly because of Delaware North's cloudy past. The company is a successor to the defunct Emprise Corp., which throughout the last decade was investigated by federal officials. In 1972 Emprise was convicted along with several organized crime figures for concealing interests in a Las Vegas casino.

The Celtics, who need a place to play if Delaware North razes the Boston Garden, are muttering about a sports complex in nearby Revere, though Celtics President–General Manager Red Auerbach says Worcester, Hartford and Providence are also possibilities.

Boston still has the baseball Red Sox, who are losing neither their park nor their home town—merely their players. Mostly through trades and management bungles, the Sox have given up most of their major stars, including Catcher Carlton Fisk, Outfielder Fred Lynn and Shortstop Rick Burleson. But the good news is that, like other victims of great disasters, the Sox do not want to move just now. ■

People

Dogged by *paparazzi* in Paris, Caroline and her pooch turn toothily toward the cameras

Any *paparazzo* will tell you it is a dog-eat-dog business, but those on the **Caroline of Monaco** beat know it better than most. Since her divorce from **Philippe Junot**, the jet-setting playboy, Caroline, 24, rarely makes the scene. Yes, there is the occasional rendezvous with Close Friend **Roberto Rossellini**, 31, **Ingrid Bergman's** son. But generally the princess restricts her company to another tall, dark male. He is an Alsatian named Oenix and clearly the jealous type.

■

Recognize that carpenter? Hint: he is the only cabinetmaker in the country equipped by a presidential Cabinet. Since returning home to Plains, Ga., **Jimmy Carter**, famed flyfisher, softballer and jogger, has been honing his skills at yet another avocation. Using the tools presented to him by his Cabinet members, he has already completed a table for his office. Last week Carter came out of the woodwork to visit Princeton University, where he hammered away at "the lethargy of Congress and the irresponsibility of the American press."

■

The President may enjoy the creak of a Western saddle, but he is not nearly as at home on the range as his Commerce Secretary **Malcolm Baldrige**. For over 15 years, Nebraska-born "Mac" Baldrige, 58, has been riding in as many as ten rodeos a year, often finishing in the money ($6,000 last year) in his specialty, steer roping. Last week in Phoenix, Baldrige competed for the first time since joining the Administration. He lost, perhaps because rounding up his department "has taken precedence over rodeo practice." But he did snare an even bigger prize: the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association's Man of the Year award. Shucks, the Cabinet cowpoke was clearly overwhelmed: "They only give this to top rodeo people."

■

"People think I'm secretive and reclusive," says a wistful

Carpenter Carter planing a table in Plains

Cabinet Cowpoke Mac Baldrige

Allen turns out for *Lightbulb*

Woody Allen, 45. "I'm not. It's just easier for me to work without a lot of attendant publicity." Thus when Manhattan's Vivian Beaumont Theater announced that Allen was writing a play to open there next month, those curious about *The Floating Light Bulb* were kept in the dark. Last week, however, Allen agreed to illuminate the work a bit at a photo session with **Beatrice Arthur**, **Jack Weston** and other cast members. "It's a modest little play," he insists. "The basic idea is an enclosed domestic situation, not really as large in scope as a film." Does it contain an Allen alter ego? "Not even remotely," says Woody, though cast members think they recognize him in a 17-year-old character whose magic trick gives the play its title. Is it funny? "Well," he says, "it's not a door-slamming bedroom farce, but it *is* a comedy —I hope." —*By Claudia Wallis*

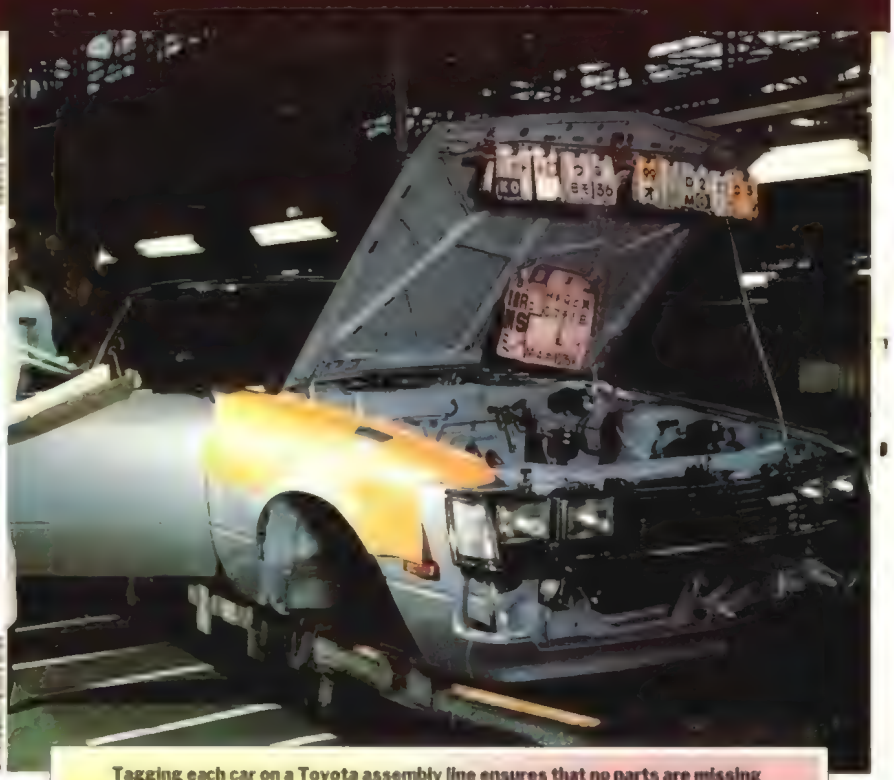
On the Record

William Safire, columnist, describing budget-slashing OMB Director David Stockman: "A blow-dried Grim Reaper."

Erma Bombeck, humorist, on what women discuss in beauty parlors: "Pretty much the same things men talk about in bars, only they don't care about who won the pennant."

Eartha Kitt, singer, on why she is moving from the West Coast to the East: "Everyone's on cocaine or marijuana. There's no one out there for me to play with any more."

Fujitsu workers discuss quality



Tagging each car on a Toyota assembly line ensures that no parts are missing

Economy & Business

COVER STORY

How Japan Does It

The world's toughest competitor stirs a U.S. trade storm

Like a dazed and bleeding prizefighter trying to call time out in the middle of a round, America's automakers have been pleading for months for relief from the pummeling they have been taking from Japan. While sales of American-made cars have been slumping, Japanese-made Datsuns and Toyotas, Mazdas and Hondas have been streaming through U.S. ports at the rate of some 6,000 vehicles a day. The import flood has given Japan 23% of the entire U.S. car market. General Motors Chairman Roger Smith last week urged a "short-term voluntary" cutback in imports and warned that the alternative was a trade war with Japan. In Washington and Tokyo the Reagan Administration and the government of Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki worked determinedly to settle the most festering trade issue the two countries have faced since World War II.

During the 1980 presidential campaign, Reagan assured autoworkers that he would give relief from the onslaught But the Administration is now deeply split over the question. Free traders, including Budget Director David Stockman, have argued with a protectionist-minded group headed by Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis over whether to press Japan to restrain imports "voluntarily." Attorney General William French Smith added to the confusion last week by releasing a memo arguing that any such deal would violate U.S. antitrust rules. The Cabinet last Thursday discussed a report that presented options ranging from legal limits on Japanese auto imports to no action at all, but it reached no decision

Meanwhile in Japan, the Suzuki government tried to pressure its auto companies to restrain exports. Foreign Minister Masayoshi Ito said that he was "determined" to keep the issue from developing into a more serious political one The Japanese fear that the auto confrontation will upset Prime Minister Suzuki's visit to Washington in early May. As an advance man for that visit and a conciliator on the auto problem, former Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda traveled to Washington last week and met with President Reagan.

The Japanese car companies so far have been resisting all government pressure to hold down exports to the U.S. But Katsuji Kawamata, chairman of Nissan Motor Co., maker of Datsuns, hinted that they might accept some compromise in order to head off even tougher U.S. action. Said he: "We cannot continue to act as if we couldn't care less what is happening over there."

What is happening, of course, is the rapid deterioration of a major American industry. Detroit's automakers last year lost more than $4 billion, and during the past three years, U.S. annual auto production has slumped by 30%, to 6 million vehicles. Today almost 200,000 American autoworkers are unemployed, and many of them have little hope of ever returning to work in their industry. To them and to most U.S. auto executives, the problem is Japanese imports. Since 1975, annual sales of Japanese cars in the U.S. have jumped from 800,000 to 1.9 million

The trade issue has taken on such importance because of the auto industry's key role in the economy. One out of five American workers is employed either directly or indirectly in making, servicing or selling cars; and industries like steel, glass and rubber are heavily dependent upon automobile sales to keep their own plants operating. In addition, Detroit is

An employees' wedding ceremony at Matsushita Electric's company club

Retired workers learning a new skill

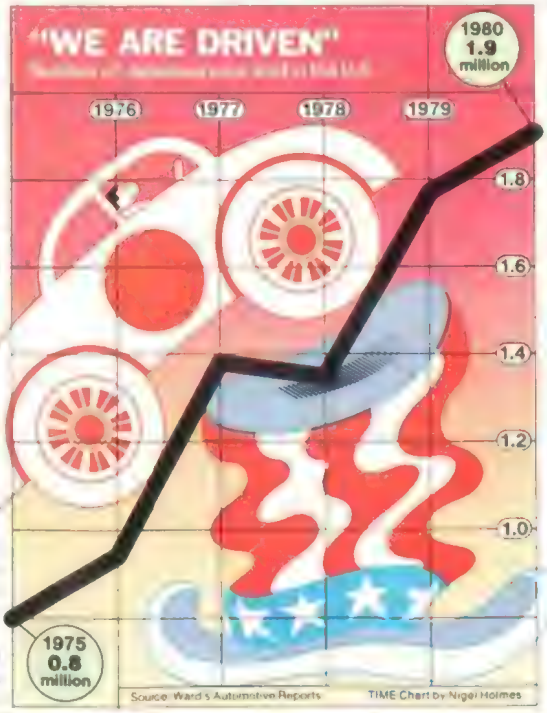
of strategic significance, since General Motors, Ford and Chrysler also make war matériel for the Defense Department.

Detroit's problems have come to symbolize the ills of U.S. business in general. The saga of American cars in the past three years resembles the story of too many industries during the past decade. Television, textiles, steel, calculators, ship-building—American companies once dominated all those markets. But then U.S. executives watched almost helplessly as their customers were snatched away by industrious Japanese competitors selling better products at lower prices.

The arguments of those who favor trade restrictions have varied little since 1791, when Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, wrote his *Report on Manufactures*. Hamilton advocated high tariffs as the way to protect new American industries. Reagan Cabinet members such as Drew Lewis and Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige and the heads of American auto companies now argue that the domestic auto industry has been thrown into a temporary upheaval because of consumer demand for fuel-efficient cars. They maintain that if Japanese imports were reduced for a three-year "breathing spell," the U.S. firms would be able to rebuild and begin producing the kind of cars that consumers obviously demand.

The case for free trade is by far the more compelling. It has also changed little since it was set forth in 1776 by Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations*. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, David Stockman and Chief Economist Murray Weidenbaum argue today that import restrictions would, among other things, penalize consumers by enabling U.S. automakers to raise prices without fear of being undercut by competition from Japan. Protection in the U.S. could also lead to a dangerous escalating trade war around the world. Such a war would have serious consequences for U.S. foreign and defense policy.

Both the advocates and the opponents of import restrictions admit that the ultimate solution for the troubles of the auto industry is for Detroit to build products that are better and cheaper than anything Japan has to offer. The question, in a word, is how.



Searching for answers to that query has become a growth industry. From Harvard Sociologist Ezra F. Vogel's 1979 treatise *Japan as Number One: Lessons for America*, to U.C.L.A. Management Professor William Ouchi's new *Theory Z: How American Business Can Meet the Japanese Challenge*, academics are telling the U.S. that the most dutiful student of its management practices is now the teacher.

Businessmen are getting the message. After years of smiling while armies of Japanese executives trooped through their offices to learn the secrets of U.S. industry, Americans are seeking a tip or two for themselves. Like pilgrims to the temple of success, they are traveling to an ancient land they can scarcely understand to learn how Japan does it. With a mixture of curiosity and envy they are asking: How has an overpopulated island country with less land than California leaped in only three decades from wartime defeat and the status of industrial sweatshop to that of high-technology dynamo? How has a country that im-

Part of the export onslaught of Datsun autos being unloaded last week from a ship at dusk in Newark

ports 100% of its aluminum, 99.8% of its oil, 98.4% of its iron ore and 66.4% of its wood and lumber become a world economic power?

Gone are the days when Japan's achievements could be explained away by the litany of complaints that Western businessmen have been echoing since the early 1960s. No longer is Japan enjoying a competitive advantage from "modern" factories built in the early postwar years. True, new industrial facilities constructed on the ashes of bombed-out buildings gave Japan an advantage during the 1950s and early 1960s. But that was nearly 30 years ago. Japanese businesses in recent years have updated and improved their plants and factories and thus maintained their competitive advantage.

No longer does Japan win markets simply by holding down wages and exporting cheap products. Until the early 1960s, the country did have a low wage base, but today in Japan salaries are on a level with those of other leading industrial nations.

Critics are equally wrong when they charge that Japan succeeds only because it systematically blocks all competing foreign products from entering its domestic market. Such charges were undoubtedly true for at least a quarter century after World War II. The Japanese had a host of official and unofficial ways of holding down imports and promoting exports. Foreign businessmen faced high tariffs and found it difficult to market their goods through the country's very complicated distribution system. "Buy Japanese" was a strong, if unspoken, practice. American businessmen also accused the Japanese of "dumping," or selling their products at a loss just to expand their market shares. In 1979 the U.S. Treasury found that Japanese companies were, in fact, dumping color television sets. But the Japanese, under heavy pressure from the U.S., have generally ceased such practices, and reduced their tariffs and import quotas.

Nor is there much to the argument that Japan is getting a "free ride" on the coattails of U.S. defense spending. For many years that was true. By relying on the U.S. to provide for its protection Japan kept its armed forces small and saved billions of dollars annually in defense expenditures. The savings were spent on bolstering the growth of industry. But in the past decade, Japan's defense establishment has grown to the eighth largest on earth. Indeed, U.S. arms manufacturers and aerospace firms are beginning to worry that Japan could eventually emerge as a major competitor in export markets that the U.S. has so far had almost to itself.

As scholars of Japan's business and economic triumphs are now learning, much of that country's success traces back to cultural traits as old as Japan itself. They have helped it survive through a history marked at every turn by the need to function in a world of scarce resources. Those key national traits

EMULATION. Few nations have so sought out and used the best from other societies as Japan. In a sense Japan has become "the best of all possible worlds." Examples abound of the copycat-Japan theme. In 1543 shipwrecked Portuguese mariners went ashore on the Japanese island of Tanegashima and traded a few firearms in return for food and water from the locals, who had never before encountered either Westerners or their weapons. Thirty years later one of the sailors returned to the island, and this time found the populace armed with 20,000 guns, each an exact replica of that original weapon.

In Japan's early postwar rush to rebuild its economy, the nation's businessmen searched the globe for patents and industrial technologies. In 1953 the Sony Corp. paid Western Electric a mere $25,000 for the non-exclusive rights to manufacture the transistor, and thereafter built the investment into an entire microelectronics industry.

Japanese businessmen today still descend on foreign executives to learn, often

A country works making Honda mopeds, inspecting a National television set and examining Canon cameras

in the most excruciating detail, exactly how they conduct business. The nation has an insatiable hunger for foreign technical and scientific manuals. Universities and corporations stockpile them and refer to them assiduously, and businessmen and engineers eagerly use their best ideas.

CONSENSUS. For all their cross-cultural borrowing, the Japanese have remained astonishingly unchanged. One of the most important of their native characteristics is a willingness to achieve consensus by compromising. Asian Scholar Edwin Lee of Hamilton College suggests that a clue to this might be found in the Japanese word *ie*, a concept that can be interchangeably applied to everything from self to home to family. A person is an extension of his immediate family members, his company, his community and his nation as a whole. All are bound together in an encompassing common purpose.

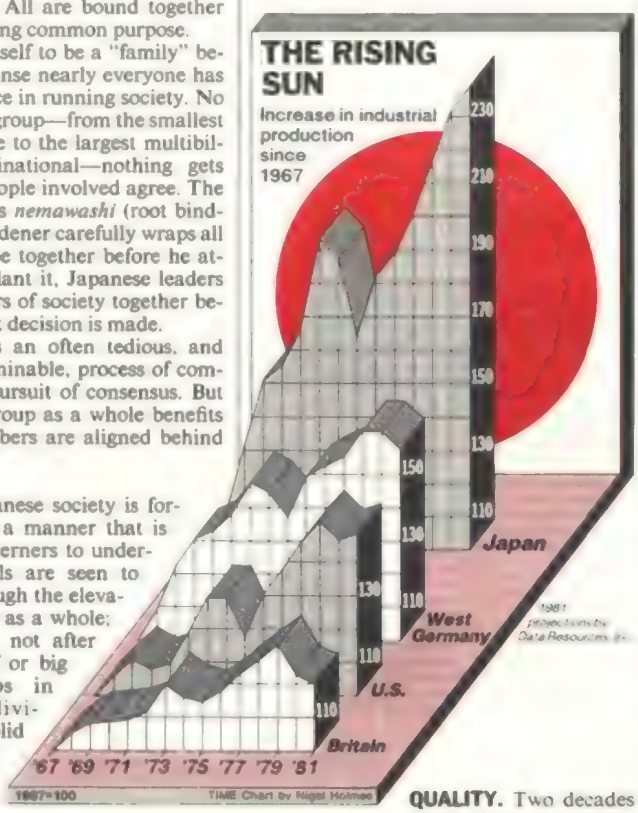
Japan feels itself to be a "family" because in a real sense nearly everyone has at least some voice in running society. No matter what the group—from the smallest upstart enterprise to the largest multibillion-dollar multinational—nothing gets done until the people involved agree. The Japanese call this *nemawashi* (root binding). Just as a gardener carefully wraps all the roots of a tree together before he attempts to transplant it, Japanese leaders bring all members of society together before an important decision is made.

The result is an often tedious, and sometimes interminable, process of compromise in the pursuit of consensus. But in the end the group as a whole benefits because all members are aligned behind the same goal.

FUTURISM. Japanese society is forward looking in a manner that is difficult for Westerners to understand. Individuals are seen to benefit only through the elevation of the group as a whole; corporations are not after the quick payoff or big quarterly jumps in shareholder dividends, but a solid market position that will be rewarded over the longer term. Businesses and government look five, ten, even 20 years ahead and try to build a prosperity that can last. Says Eishiro Saito, president of Nippon Steel: "Executives in Japan must constantly do their utmost to provide employees and their families with a stable life and hope for the future."

One reason that the companies are not under constant pressure for fast profits is that much of Japanese industry is owned by banks and not by individual shareholders. Major holdings of many of the country's biggest and best-known companies, such as Toshiba, Fujitsu and Nippon Steel, rest with banks that are less interested in short-range dividend increases than in seeing their firms' profits reinvested to ensure future growth.

This long-haul mentality is reflected in Japan's dedication to savings. Nothing has given more momentum to the Japanese economic juggernaut than the propensity of its citizens, no matter how wealthy or modest their means, to save their money. Their deposits have given the nation's industry the capital it has needed to keep Japanese plants modern and productive. Says James Abegglen of the Boston Consulting Group, which has conducted numerous studies on Japanese business: "The thing that has enabled Japan to get to the top and stay there is savings. Savings of all kinds—government, corporate, personal." During 1980, Japanese workers saved an estimated 20% of their individual and family incomes, more than three times as much as the Americans.



QUALITY. Two decades ago the words Made in Japan were synonymous with shoddy workmanship, and Japanese products were marketed mainly in 5¢ and 10¢ stores. Yet today firms like Sony and Datsun sell their products principally on the basis of high standards. Says Masao Kanamori, president of Mitsubishi Heavy Industries: "The existence of our company would be impossible if we failed to reassess our performance in quality, production and cost."

This change is a result of the country's preoccupation with quality control, a management concept that until quite recently had been insufficiently considered in the U.S. Yet it was American academics who helped the Japanese improve their products and change their image. One proposed device was quality-control circles, where workers and their supervisors discuss ways to improve output and standards on the job. Statistician W. Edwards Deming gave a proselytizing speech in Tokyo in 1950 on the virtues of quality control as a manufacturing technique. Since that time, Deming has been elevated in Japan to the status of industrial folk hero. The Deming quality-control award is now one of the most sought-after prizes among Japanese firms.

In Japanese plants and factories, workers are not only encouraged, but actually expected, to make quality control their top priority. At Matsushita Electric, the country's second largest electrical company (1980 sales: $13.7 billion), workers are instilled with the notion that each one of them is a quality-control inspector. If they spot a faulty item in the production process, they are encouraged to shut down the whole assembly line to fix it. Pressure to improve quality reaches beyond the shop floor and often pits entire plants of competing companies like Hitachi and Sony in furious statistical battles to produce the lowest defect rates for products.

The Japanese today look down on what they regard as the poor quality of American products. Kenichi Odawara, professor of economics at Sophia University in Tokyo, recently published a book on the problems of the U.S. economy and workmanship entitled *The Great American Disease*. One example of that disease is familiar to any Japanese car dealer attempting to sell an American-built automobile in Japan: the cars have to be given an additional coat of paint before they can satisfy the demanding Japanese.

COMPETITION. While Western businessmen often regard Japan as a giant cartel, competition is actually fierce. Japan's thriving domestic market is the principal battleground for most Japanese companies. The products shipped abroad have such high quality and low price in large part because they have already survived the domestic Japanese market. In 1955, for example, the leading motorcycle company in Japan was Tohatsu, while Honda was a distant No. 2. By 1964 the more competitive Honda dominated the local market and Tohatsu had begun moving into other fields. Today the company is principally a manufacturer of small engines and snowmobiles. Says one American economist living in Japan: "Their idea of competition is different from ours, yet they compete furiously. It is all done within the context of being very Japanese —orderly."

New products hit the domestic Japanese market with dizzying frequency. In the electronics industry alone, eight major and a dozen minor semiconductor firms are battling for a lead in the manufacture of microprocessors and so-called computers on a chip. American firms pioneered this technology in the late 1960s, but Japanese companies have already captured 30% of the world market for computer memory chips.

The rush to use the chips has propelled the nation's automakers into headlong competition to come up with new applications. When Toyota last year introduced the world's first chip-operated voice synthesizer to warn drivers of low fuel and fluid levels in their cars, Nissan Motor hustled out its competing versions within weeks.

Taken together, these five qualities have furthered a national spirit of compromise and cooperation and a willingness to endure short-term setbacks for the long-term good of the nation, company or family as a whole. Says Shiro Miyamoto, an official of the powerful Ministry of International Trade and Industry: "Our system is born of the traditions and history of this country, a small nation with few resources. Without our way of doing things, there would be continual conflict and nothing would ever get done."

When these Japanese characteristics are brought into the modern factory, the result is a smoothly functioning enterprise that produces quality goods. This is most clearly seen in the easy working relationship of management and labor. Japan has fewer strikes and less labor unrest than any other major industrial power. In 1978 Japan lost 1.4 million workdays because of strikes, while the U.S. lost 39 million.

To a Japanese worker, his company is not an oppressor but rather the source of his income and the expression of his place in society. Says Ryutaro Nohmura, 57, who owns a tentmaking firm in Osaka: "Employees in Japan view their company as an extension of their family life. Indeed many of them equate the importance of their company with that of their own life."

The workers trust their bosses to make the right decisions because there is a pervasive sense that both labor and management are working together. In Japanese

Consensus in San Diego

Japanese managers are famous for inspiring loyalty, long hours and high-quality production in their workers. But can they carry that management skill with them to other countries? TIME *Correspondent D.L. Coutu last week visited a Sony television manufacturing plant in San Diego where Japanese executives help supervise 1,800 workers. Her report:*

Time clocks are banned from the premises. Managers and workers converse on a first-name basis and eat lunch together in the company cafeteria. Employees are briefed once a month by a top executive on sales and production goals and are encouraged to air their complaints. Four times a year, workers attend company-paid parties. Says Betty Price, 54, an assembly-line person: "Working for Sony is like working for your family."

Her expression, echoed by dozens of other American Sony workers in San Diego, is a measure of the success achieved at the sprawling, two-story plant, where both the Stars and Stripes and the Rising Sun fly in front of the factory's glistening white exterior. This year the San Diego plant will turn out 700,000 color television sets, one-third of Sony's total world production. More significantly, company officials now proudly say that the plant's productivity approaches that of its Japanese facilities.

Mike Morimoto in Sony's cafeteria line

Plant Manager Shiro Yamada, 58, insists that there are few differences between workers in the U.S. and Japan. Says he: "Americans are as quality conscious as the Japanese. But the question has been how to motivate them." Yamada's way is to bathe his U.S. employees in personal attention. Workers with perfect attendance records are treated to dinner once a year at a posh restaurant downtown. When one employee complained that a refrigerator for storing lunches was too small, it was replaced a few days later with a larger one. Vice President Masayoshi Morimoto, known as Mike around the plant, has mastered Spanish so he can talk with his many Hispanic workers. The company has installed telephone hot lines on which workers can anonymously register suggestions or complaints.

The firm strives to build strong ties with its employees in the belief that the workers will then show loyalty to the company in return. It carefully promotes from within, and most of the assembly-line supervisors are high school graduates who rose through the ranks because of their hard work and dedication to the company. During the 1973-75 recession, when TV sales dropped and production slowed drastically, no one was fired. Instead, workers were kept busy with plant maintenance and other chores. In fact, Sony has not laid off a single employee since 1972, when the plant was opened. The Japanese managers were stunned when the first employee actually quit within just one year. Says Richard Crossman, the plant's human relations expert: "They came to me and wanted to know what they had done wrong. I had to explain that quitting is just the way it is sometimes in Southern California."

This personnel policy has clearly been a success. Several attempts to unionize the work force have been defeated by margins as high as 3 to 1. Says Jan Timmerman, 22, a parts dispatcher and former member of the Retail Clerks Union: "Union pay was better, and the benefits were probably better. But basically I'm more satisfied here."

Sony has not forced Japanese customs on American workers. Though the company provides lemon-colored smocks for assembly-line workers, most prefer to wear jeans and running shoes. The firm does not demand that anyone put on the uniforms. A brief attempt to establish a general exercise period for San Diego workers, similar to the kind Sony's Japanese employees perform, was dropped when managers saw it was not wanted.

Inevitably, there have been minor misunderstandings because of the differences in language and customs. One worker sandblasted the numbers 1 2 6 4 on a series of parts she was testing before she realized that her Japanese supervisor meant that she was to label them "one to 64." Mark Dempsey, 23, the plant's youngest supervisor, admits that there is still a vast cultural gap between the Japanese and Americans. Says he: "They do not realize that some of us live for the weekend, while lots of them live for the week —just so they can begin to work again." Some workers grumble about the delays caused by the Japanese system of managing by consensus, seeing it instead as an inability to make decisions. Complains one American: "There is a lot of indecision. No manager will ever say do this or do that."

Most American workers, though, like the Japanese management style, and some do not find it all that foreign. Says Supervisor Robert Williams: "A long time ago, Americans used to be more people-oriented, the way the Japanese are. It just got lost somewhere along the way." The Sony experience in San Diego might show Americans how to regain some of their lost skills at employee relations.

companies, as a general rule, managers rise from within the corporate ranks, adding to the feeling of camaraderie and shared experience. Says Yoichi Takahashi, head of Hitachi's 70,000-strong labor union: "Everything depends on dialogue and trust. What is good for the company is good for the union. The workers know that their labor is what makes the company prosperous." Adds Noboru Yoshii, a senior adviser of Sony Corp.: "There is little opposition between management and workers because every manager comes up the ladder from employee. We do not call our employees workers or laborers, but associates instead. One reason everyone at Sony wears the same blue-gray jacket is that we are saying Sony is a *working* company, a blue-collar company all the way from the top to the bottom."

The close relationship between worker and company is intimately connected with the country's system of lifetime employment, which covers 35% of the country's labor force, nearly all of whom are employees of Japan's largest and most powerful companies. In Japan a worker typically joins a firm directly out of trade school or university and expects to stay there until he retires. Says Akio Morita, chairman of Sony: "In Japan, once we hire people we cannot lay them off."

Retirement at such lifetime firms normally comes at the early age of 55, but does not automatically swell the ranks of the nation's unemployed. Not only do corporations give their retiring workers lump-sum retirement payments, but upwards of 75% of the workers are rehired immediately, at lower salaries, by smaller companies that in many cases have been supplying parts or subcontracting services to the larger firms all along. For those who do not find jobs, and for the unemployed elderly, the government and many private employers have launched extensive retraining programs to give the jobless workers new skills.

Since those workers covered by lifetime employment know that they have a guaranteed job, and that their future is tied up with that firm, they are willing to be more flexible at work than employees in many Western countries. New machinery is not a threat to a worker's job but a useful tool that may help improve company profits. As Fujio Mitarai, head of Canon U.S.A., told TIME's Robert Grieves: "In order to automate production, we had to divert workers into altogether new fields. We moved them from cameras to copiers to calculators, but we kept everyone employed in the process."

For many Japanese employees, and especially those of the nation's larger companies, life at the plant stresses the virtues of self-discipline and diligence. They seem to embody the Datsun slogan: "We are driven." At many firms, work begins with a chorus or two of the company song so that employees can get in the properly productive frame of mind. At Nissan Motor, every shift begins with a warm-up period of calisthenics on the shop floor.

At other Japanese firms, such as Japan Airlines and Mitsui Trust Bank, new employees eagerly submit to unusual initiations. One Tokyo retailing firm dispatched its group of newcomers for a mid-winter swim on the northern island of Hokkaido to tone up their self-discipline. Matsushita workers, by contrast, are sent to a Zen Buddhist temple for three-day retreats. In most Japanese companies the new workers, their parents and other relatives attend a ceremony at which the president welcomes the newcomers to the firm.

The working environment of Japanese plants is not fancy. Though they are kept immaculately clean, the buildings are spare and functional, and the machinery is always the most up-to-date. Occasionally workers will try to add some local color. At Nissan's body assembly plant in Zama, near Yokohama, workers have pasted pictures of movie stars like Sayuri Yoshinaga and Kaori Momoi on the new robots that make the cars.

Japanese companies also provide extensive social services for their employees. New workers are often housed in company-built dormitories. The employees remain in this housing for as long as five years, vacating in many cases to get married and move into their own homes, which the company helps finance.

Much of the employee life outside work is spent in company social clubs, where courses are available in flower arranging and the tea ceremony. Weddings are also conducted in the social clubs; and the company helps pay the costs, including as much as $500 to rent the traditional bridal gown.

The attitudes of the bosses of Japanese companies are also different from those of their Western counterparts. This can be seen particularly with regard to investment for research and development. In the U.S., corporations spend an average of about 1% of total sales on research and development. In Japan the figure is closer to 6%.

Investment is also directed at constantly modernizing on-line manufacturing techniques. The results are obvious: at Nissan's highly automated assembly plant, 35 workers now aided by industrial robots produce 350 Datsun car bodies every eight hours, seven times the productivity rate of competing U.S. automakers.

Though they are willing to invest heavily in automation and productivity, Japanese managers are tightfisted when it comes to spending on actual buildings, which they view as little more than shells required to keep out the rain while the work goes on inside. Japanese plants are constructed so that they can be expanded or redesigned with ease to accommodate new production techniques or additional assembly lines. After a few years the factories can be razed if necessary.

Unlike many American bosses, Japanese managers go to great lengths to involve their employees in the life of the company. For example, although General Motors actively recruits productivity suggestions from employees and offers up to $10,000 for a proposal that is adopted, the company receives an average of less than one suggestion per employee per year and adopts one-third of the ideas. At Toyota's main plant near Nagoya, on the other hand, officials receive more than nine suggestions per worker per year and adopt the vast majority of them.

One of the most complex aspects of Japanese business is the relationship between managers and the government. Tokyo ministries that set national economic priorities can exert substantial pressure on companies, but their influence is much less than is believed outside Japan. Says Takeshi Sakurada, chairman of the Toho Rayon manufacturing company and honorary president of the Japan Federation of Employers: "The amount of government interference or the role of government in private business is very

Former Prime Minister Fukuda last week with President Reagan and Vice President Bush

The auto industry was like a dazed, bleeding prizefighter who wanted to call a time-out.

small as compared with the U.S. or the European Community." Adds one Western economist in Tokyo: "There is no Japan Inc.—if there ever was one."

Japanese businessmen do not have to bear the heavy burden of government regulation that American industrialists do. For example, antitrust rules barely exist. This permitted the Japanese auto companies to get together with government officials and agree on a common design for antipollution equipment. That would have been against the law in the U.S., where each auto company worked independently to develop its own system. Japanese carmakers today are at least two years ahead of the U.S. in emission-control technology. In a similar way, government and business usually work out mutually acceptable agreements for solving the considerable problems of health and environment.

The hand of the government's tax man in business is approximately the same as in the U.S. The corporate tax rate on business profits ranges from 22% to 40%, which is similar to the 17% to 46% rate that applies to American business. Both countries have a range of exemptions and deductions that are virtually impossible to compare

The most important factor in the business-government relationship is that, as in all other areas of Japanese society, agreement is reached only after long discussions. If talk fails, the government can turn to "administrative guidance," a procedure rather akin to American-style jawboning. Even then the private companies can simply refuse to accept the government's recommendations. In the late 1950s, for example, the Japanese government suggested that the nation's automakers join forces to produce a low-cost "people's car" modeled after the Volkswagen in order to crack the U.S. market. The automakers refused and launched their own separate products.

Despite Japan's enviable economic progress in the past quarter-century, the nation is hardly without its social and economic problems. Many of its shortcomings are side effects of the same qualities that have helped it to achieve so much. The sense of national unity and consensus has resulted in a society that tends to reject anyone who is different. One example: the *burakumin*—descendants of pre–17th century social outcasts, are still not considered full members of society. Some 600,000 Koreans, many of whose families have lived in Japan for generations, are likewise not integrated into the mainstream of Japanese life.

Power in Japan is concentrated within the upper echelons of business, banking and the pro-business Liberal Democratic party, which has ruled continuously since 1955. Relations are much cozier than would be accepted in the U.S. or Western Europe. Members of the nation's power elite, whatever their profession, often have known each other closely for a half-century. When executives retire, they frequently become corporate advisers, honorary chairmen and industrial counselors. Likewise, when senior civil servants leave government they may become top advisers in the very corporations they once regulated; the custom is called *amakudari* or, literally, "descent from heaven."

In Japan's pell-mell rush to grow, so much of the nation's wealth has been invested in industry that little has been left over for anything else. Even such basic amenities as sewers and housing remain inadequate by Western standards. Housing space is so cramped that building plots cost up to nine times as much as they do in the U.S. and room occupancy rates are 50% higher.

Competition Tokyo style: a display of Japanese-made calculators

"Their idea is different from ours, yet they compete furiously."

Afternoon exercises in Osaka plant

"It all depends on dialogue and trust."

Japan is already finding its resources strained even before it begins to tackle those public services. To keep the economy expanding and at the same time boost government social spending, the Liberal Democrats since 1975 have relied increasingly on debt financing. Deficit spending for the current fiscal year is now projected to top $71 billion, or 33% of the nation's $213 billion budget. By comparison, the 1980 fiscal deficit in the U.S., though $59 billion, was only about 10% of total federal spending.

Yet even with its budget difficulties, Japan this year should have the best overall economic record of any major industrial nation. Growth is expected to be 5.3%, and the inflation rate should be no more than 5.5%. Though Japan has run a trade deficit for the past two years, largely because of oil imports, the nation's balance of payments deficit has been improving. As a result, the yen will no doubt continue to remain one of the world's strongest currencies.

As a postwar business dynamo, Japan shows that a large and complex society can function smoothly in a tumultuous world environment if people are willing to make some compromises in order to obtain larger objectives. Though the way Japan manages its affairs is, in many respects, the unique outgrowth of the country's historical experience, certain of its lessons can be applied in industrial economies everywhere, and particularly in the U.S.

Americans are reared with a commitment to individual liberty and freedom. But the U.S. was forged in a frontier spirit of cooperation and collective enterprise that was as simple and forthright as a barn-raising. Western thinkers from John Locke to Oliver Wendell Holmes believe that individuality at some point has to give ground to group needs. It has taken a successful country on the rim of Asia to remind the U.S. that teamwork, however it is organized, is still the prerequisite for a prosperous society. *—By Christopher Byron. Reported by S. Chang and Edwin M. Reingold/Tokyo*

Some insist coal is good. Some insist coal is bad.
We insist it's not that black or white.

Those who insist that coal is good point out that we have over 200 billion tons of economically recoverable coal in this country – enough to last us for at least three centuries at current consumption rates.

And, they further point out, that although this represents 90% of our domestic energy resources, coal currently supplies less than 20% of all our energy production.

It's true, that with greater usage, coal could give us as much as one-half of the new energy we'll need between now and the year 2000 – enough to help loosen the dangerous ties that bind us to expensive and insecure foreign oil.

But those who insist that coal is bad point to abandoned mines which scar the landscape and allow acid water to seep into streams.

And to the fact that coal contains ash and sulfur which, if not removed, can pollute the air when burned.

Still, we believe that these days the advantages of coal outweigh its disadvantages.

Because these days we have extremely tough environmental laws.

Laws that require the restoration of mined lands and the protection of air and water resources. Laws that ensure that coal mine areas are properly restored and that newly constructed or converted power plants remove sulfur and particulates from their stack gases.

Of course, environmental controls are expensive. But because of the current high price of foreign oil, the cost of using coal is still less than half the cost of using oil.

And when we consider that coal can also be converted into transportation fuels such as gasoline and diesel fuel – reducing even more our dependence on foreign oil – it seems obvious that we ought to reassess our old prejudices against this most abundant of all fossil fuels.

At least Atlantic Richfield thinks so.

There are no easy answers.

ARCO

Atlantic Richfield Company

Salem
KING: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, 100's: 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.
High country taste.
Light and mild.
Above all in refreshment.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Salem
Menthol Fresh
100s
FILTER CIGARETTES

A Daily "Samurai Duel"

Japan is set apart from other industrial societies by its remarkable homogeneity. The boss and his employee share much more than a common heritage; they have many of the same points of view. TIME *Correspondent S. Chang spent a day each with President Toshihiko Yamashita, 61, of the giant Matsushita Electric Industrial Co., and Yoshinobu Saito, 29, one of the firm's 1,600 sales engineers. His report:*

Matsushita President Yamashita earns $333,300 a year, and Saito makes $12,900. But except for age and experience they seem almost interchangeable. The differences between them stem mostly from the less formal, Westernized style of Japan's younger generation.

Yamashita, the soft-spoken chief executive, wears conservative business attire and lives in the rolling hills outside Osaka in a graceful seven-room house with immaculately pruned shrubbery. Trim and athletic, he favors a traditional Japanese diet. His breakfast that day consisted of grilled fish, rice and bean-paste soup.

Saito, the young, eager sales engineer, wears more modish togs and lives three miles away in a $62,500 four-room house that also has a well-cared-for garden. Saito bought the house two years ago with his own savings, plus loans from his company and bank. Despite monthly house payments of $152 and an additional $1,810 deducted from his yearly bonus to pay off the mortgage, he still saves 15% of his salary. While Saito likes Japanese food, he started his day with a Western-style breakfast of coffee, bread and two hard-boiled eggs.

Both men's fathers were working-class, and both ended their formal educations with technical high school, where they learned their first phrases in English. After graduation, each went to work for Matsushita—Yamashita in 1938, and Saito in 1970. Neither has ever worked for any other company.

The chauffeur called for Yamashita promptly at 7:50 a.m. in an indigo Mercedes-Benz limousine. His wife Kikuko, 57, accompanied him outside his house and bowed farewell. Acknowledging this ritual with a nod, Yamashita climbed into the back seat. He greeted his driver by saying: "It's going to be another hectic day."

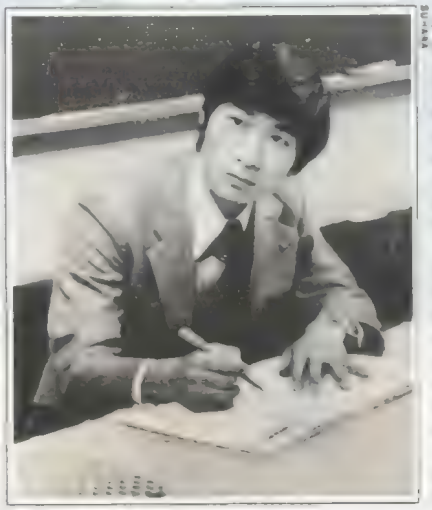
Saito's departure for work at 6:40 a.m. was not quite a photocopy. Etsuko also bowed at the front door, but then Saito hugged her and chased her playfully around his tiny gray Mitsubishi Minica 360. Once in the driver's seat, he called out to his spouse: "Another busy day!"

When they arrived at work, the two men followed entirely different routines. From 8:20 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Yamashita attended more than a dozen conferences, most of them to hand out citations to the company's most productive employees and to discuss the future direction of the company. Like most Japanese executives, Yamashita puts a high priority on communications between top management and the rest of the organization. Said the president: "You simply could not or would not make any important decision without first achieving a consensus within your corporation."

So much of Yamashita's day was taken up by discussions with employees that only 32 minutes were left for reading and desk work. The president usually has a business lunch. On this day, it was with the visiting Ambassador from Madagascar and his wife.

Saito, by contrast, spent much of his day in solitude. Before work began, he sat for 15 minutes in the plant cafeteria drinking coffee and poring over newspapers. Then at 8 a.m. he stood at attention next to his desk and, along with his fellow workers, sang the company song, which begins: "A bright heart overflowing with life linked together, Matsushita Electric." This is an honored tradition in many corporations throughout Japan. Saito's job is to help TV distributors understand the technical details of Matsushita products. He first answered a stack of telex messages, most of them from the U.S., where the firm's products are sold under the brand names Panasonic, Technics and Quasar. Nearly all replies were cabled in English, even when addressed to a fellow Japanese. Explained Saito: "We would not want to give our American colleagues the impression that we were exchanging secret messages."

Executive Toshihiko Yamashita



Sales Engineer Yoshinobu Saito

Except for a 45-minute lunch in the company cafeteria, Saito sat at his desk most of the time. But he did not feel isolated. Said he: "Never do I feel like a cog in a huge impersonal machine." Occasionally he went off to consult with the experts on the assembly line. Most of this afternoon was spent writing and revising an English-language manual for a new TV-set model. Then at 4:45 p.m., he and his colleagues stood and again sang the Matsushita song. That was not, however, the end of Saito's day. He returned to the cafeteria for a light supper of grilled fish and then walked upstairs to a 2½-hour English-conversation class. Saito returned home at 9 p.m., when he and Etsuko shared a snack, accompanied by a daily tot of two whisky-and-waters.

Yamashita finished his day at the plant at 5:30 p.m. He did not take time to chant the company song. Instead, he hurried off to entertain a few clients at a restaurant. Such affairs are an integral part of Japanese business life, and Yamashita must often attend them five nights a week. He got home at 10 p.m.

Both men were up early the next morning because, as one old hand at Matsushita says, "Every day is a samurai duel."

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They're going on right now. Which means your GMC truck dealer can offer the kinds of deals it takes to sell a truck these days.

Frankly, he's got an oversupply of trucks. Including pickups, Caballeros, vans, Jimmys. As well as the economical Super Saver pickup, whose remarkable EPA-estimated mileage is shown here.

EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG
30	21

And he can offer Super Sellin' deals that make these very attractive trucks very attractive buys.

It's easy to get a good deal on a truck these days. The big difference in a Super Sellin' deal is the name of the truck you're getting, GMC.

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GM

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Donald Sutherland attempts to seduce Blanche Baker, the nymphet of *Lolita*

Lo and Hum as Ho and Hum

LOLITA *by Edward Albee*

The placards read INCEST ISN'T SEXY and RAPE ISN'T FUNNY. The picketers shouted, "*Lolita* is a lie, pass it by!" and "Three-five-seven-nine, don't make profits from this crime!"

They need not have wasted their cardboard or their chants. The Broadway adaptation of *Lolita* forestalled them. After bombing in Boston, it limped into New York to be greeted by financial difficulties, internecine strife and 60 or so members of a feminist group called Women Against Pornography.

"What we are protesting," said WAP Coordinator Barbara Mehrhof, "is not just *Lolita* but the whole concept of the 'Lolita syndrome': the sexualizing of little girls. It's the whole Brooke Shields phenomenon."

After a change of director and two postponed openings, other edgy words surfaced—this time between first-time Producer Jerry Sherlock, an ex-fabric broker from Seventh Avenue, Playwright Edward Albee and Star Donald Sutherland, who was making his first stage appearance in 17 years. Sherlock almost ran short on his $700,000 budget, and the day before the opening Sutherland found that his paycheck had bounced, an error that has since been rectified. Says Albee: "One thing about Sherlock, he may not know anything about producing for the theater, but he certainly knows how to cut corners."

Albee's plaint about Sutherland: "He hasn't been onstage in 17 years, so he's scared out of his mind. There were some scenes that he thought were possibly a bit too difficult for him, so I had to simplify a couple of scenes a little bit." Responds Sutherland: "Absolute bull. Every once in a while Edward would write something that was not terribly good, and one would say, 'Edward, I don't think I can do that.' Nothing had been rejected on the basis of my being incapable of doing it."

Indeed, nothing seems to have been rejected at all, except for taste and value. Throughout, *Lolita* proves to be less a tribute to Vladimir Nabokov than a travesty. To get to the hot question first, the play is no pornographic scorcher. True, there are guarded scenes of fellatio and cunnilingus, but in this era of X-rated films and worse, they are surprisingly restrained.

Almost everyone has heard of *Lolita's* hero, Humbert Humbert (Donald Sutherland), a richly cultured European émigré who lusts perversely and voraciously for prepubescent girls whom he calls nymphets. In the nymphet he finds an "elusive, shifty, soul-shattering, insidious charm" and something of a "demon." In a small New England town he spots his divine demon, Dolores Haze, a girl of 11½, played in this production by 24-year-old Blanche Baker.

To be near her and to reap her virginity at an apt moment, Humbert marries her mother Charlotte (Shirley Stoler). By chance, she hurtles down a flight of stairs to her death and Humbert is free to pursue his lascivious designs. To his shock and chagrin, Lolita seduces him.

Lo and Hum embark on an odyssey across the U.S., but the restive Lolita soon arranges with Clare Quilty (Clive Revill) to escape. Quilty is a rich screenwriter and a malignant toad of a man who appears late in the novel. In the play, he does four or five turns in transparent disguises for slightly menacing comic relief, but Revill's strident hamminess inhibits laughter. Toward play's end, after a wrenching reunion visit with Lolita, now a postnymphet, 17, pregnant and happily married to a simple ex-G.I., Humbert goes forth and kills Quilty with erratic, sporadic shots from a mini-handgun in a droll murder sequence.

Since the novel used a first-person monologue in the form of diary entries, Albee took a technical gamble—and lost. He introduces a character called A Certain Gentleman (Ian Richardson) to share the burden of narration. Because the gentleman is supposedly Nabokov, Humbert Humbert's moral turpitude is diminished: he cannot, after all, defy the will of his creator. Still, it is good to have Richardson in the role, with his ironic disdain and impeccable diction. Sutherland is admirably suited to Humbert's chortling lusts and absurdity, but a trifle negligent of the character's pain. Baker, chosen after a long talent hunt for prepubescent sexpots, is disappointing as Lolita. She begins as a little girl with a lollipop and swiftly becomes a brat with a staff sergeant's mouth and no trace of dreamy allure. Alaina Wojek, as Humbert's long-lost childhood sweetheart, Annabel, seems the more likely nymphet.

Albee has taken many liberties with Nabokov without a poet's license. The author, for example, thought Freud "a Viennese quack." The playwright rings in Freudian overtones. The novel took place in the phantasmagoria of American motels. The play is confined to a stark, cumbersome set. The overriding discrepancy is not one of appearance but of style and sensibility. Nabokov's tone is sensuous, elegant and exhilarating, with champagne-carbonated wit. Albee's tone is smarmy and pompous, with humor mulled at a Dean Martin roast. George S. Kaufman was wrong. It is not always satire that closes on Saturday night; it may be pedophilia. *—By T.E. Kalem. Reported by Peter Ainslie/New York*

Women Against Pornography demonstrate *"Don't make profits from this crime."*

The New Hollywood: Dead or Alive?

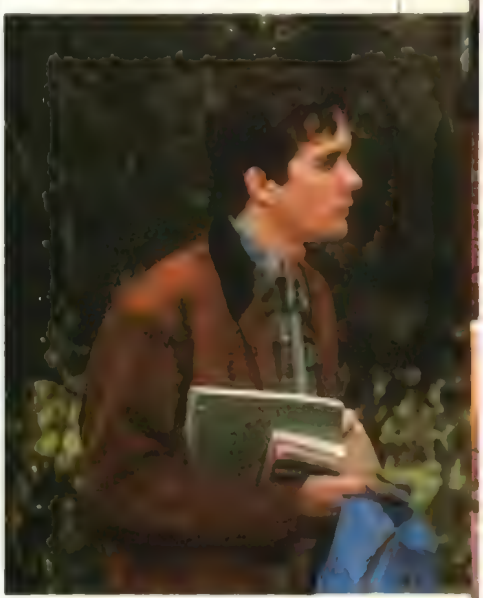
Beset by megabudgets and mini-moguls, the movie industry suffers a crisis of conscience

Next Monday is Oscar night, when Hollywood's elite will tux and tart themselves up, like 3,000 extras in some impossibly opulent '30s costume drama, for the movie industry's spring ritual of self-congratulation. In the packed Los Angeles Music Center they will hear a former B-movie swain and Screen Actors Guild president named Ronald Reagan deliver an address on the theme "Film Is Forever." They will bestow Academy Awards on their most envied colleagues. They will snicker as professional actors flub a three-line introductory speech. For the benefit of 80 million TV-watching Americans, the movie people will put on a spectacle that combines the solemnity of graduation day at West Point with the giddy naiveté of a greasers' sock hop.

They might also, according to some observers, be attending a state funeral —for the state of the art and the industry. Hollywood shows every sign of a town in crisis. The movie audience is shrinking as budgets soar toward the $40 million point and beyond. The average studio movie today costs $10 million to make and $6 million to publicize in newspapers and on television. Because of inflation and high interest rates, producers want to release films that will make their money back quickly. This means recycling the familiar into the surefire: 1980's biggest hit was *The Empire Strikes Back*, George Lucas' sequel to *Star Wars*. It means signing box-office stars at huge salaries: Burt Reynolds pulled in a reported $5 million for *The Cannonball Run*, Barbra Streisand $4.6 million for *All Night Long*. Directors are stars too: Francis Ford Coppola was offered $3 million to direct *One from the Heart*. Says Director Martin Scorsese, 38: "We're working ourselves right out of jobs. I'm concerned that the industry is being destroyed."

With inflation and recession come managerial convulsions. Five of the seven major studios have suffered abrupt changes of management in the past two years. The rash of new production outfits, born in the flush of *Star Wars* and *Grease* profits a few years ago, either have folded or are struggling to survive. The U.S. Congress disallowed most no-risk tax shelters, which once offered the hope of a quick buck for producers and a long write-off for investors, and 19 states have outlawed blind bidding, which allowed studios to extract money commitments from theater owners for an unseen product. Now cable TV and cassettes are starting to offer the movies serious competition for the entertainment dollar. The gloomiest forecast is of a nation of stay-at-homes getting all their fun from the giant video screen. "We are supporting a dying business, and the change is scary," says Paul Schrader, 34, who wrote *Taxi Driver* for Scorsese and directed *American Gigolo*. "Movies are on their way out."

The corpse sprawls over the business and entertainment pages of daily newspapers. In the Polo Lounge and at college seminars, amateur detectives search for the murder weapon. And, as in an Agatha Christie movie, there are suspects aplenty, all swearing they were the deceased's best friend. The Producer: claims he tried to keep the costs down; charged with lack of vision and insufficient use of his power. The Studio Executive: claims he really does support good pictures; charged with not knowing the business and caring only about his skin. The Agent: claims he has filled the creative vacuum left by producers and studio men; charged with seeing films as "packages" of familiar actors and directors, all of whom are his clients. The Star: claims he is the main attraction, thus has the responsibility to supervise production; charged with squandering his leverage by spoon-feeding the public with junk-food comedies. The Audience: claim they are the victims; charged



Making something special out of *Ordinary People:*

George Lucas outside his studio, where the new film by Steven Spielberg (right) was made

Movie maestros: Francis Ford Coppola on the set of *One from the Heart;* Michael Cimino peers into the past as director of *Heaven's Gate*

Tim Hutton learns from Director Robert Redford

with leaving the scene of the crime.

The prime suspect is the Hot Young Director. In the '70s, a swarm of graduates from film schools and TV revitalized an industry grown geratic with aging talents and traditions. Coppola (the *Godfather* films), Scorsese (*Mean Streets*), Lucas (*American Graffiti*), Steven Spielberg (*Jaws, Close Encounters of the Third Kind*) and others became Hollywood royalty. They worked on each other's projects, helped even younger film-school grads make movies, dreamed bigger dreams, sweated to put their dreams on film. They made millions for their studio sponsors: of the eight alltime highest-grossing films, six were directed by men who were under 35, and the other two were produced by men under 35. The experience was a heady one, and for some the thrill is still there. Says Coppola, now 41: "If we coordinated, we could take control of the movie business in one minute."

These Young Punks couldn't play Leonardo and Peter Pan forever. After their early hits the hot directors almost megabucked their way to disaster. In the mid-'70s Coppola went to the Philippines to make his Viet Nam epic, *Apocalypse Now;* battled typhoons, Marlon Brando and a regiment of skeptical bankers; mortgaged his home to pay for the movie; spent $31.5 million. Spielberg lavished $27 million on the slapstick *1941;* critics reviewing it replayed the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. John Landis, whose $3 million *National Lampoon's Animal House* earned $74 million in North America, invested $30 million in a two-hour car chase called *The Blues Brothers.* The rampant inflation of budgets and ego may even have affected Warren Beatty. Beatty has spent two years and more than $30 million on *Reds,* a biography of Writer-Revolutionary John Reed, and the picture is still at least nine months from release.

The biggest turkey arrived just in time for last Thanksgiving. Michael Cimino, fresh from his Oscar for *The Deer Hunter,* blew $36.5 million on *Heaven's Gate,* a handsome, incoherent western that United Artists withdrew from release after New York critics gave it—and the profligate artist at its helm—a sound drubbing. *Heaven's Gate* opens in an abridged version next month, but in its initial release, about 8,000 moviegoers paid to see it: U.A. had spent $4,500 for every ticket sold. At the premature burial of *Heaven's Gate*—and, many thought, of the New Hollywood—the pallbearers could be seen dancing on the grave.

Hollywood is an industry built on the suspension of disbelief and the eternal attraction of melodrama; no wonder its denizens believe their press clippings—even the obits. But before moviegoers queue up for the wake, or make plans to go bowling for the rest of their Saturday nights, or draft David Stockman as a cost-slashing cinema czar, a note of caution should be sounded. These are not the best of times: these are not the worst of times. The theatrical film is unlikely ever to regain its standing as America's most popular art form: the 1 billion tickets sold in the U.S. last year amounted to only a quarter of the number of admissions in 1946, the industry's best year. But the 1980 count represented a 25% increase over 1971, and though ticket sales and profit margins dipped in 1979 and 1980, the decade was Hollywood's healthiest since the '40s. All but two of the alltime top 25 moneymaking movies have been released since 1970, and three films—*Star Wars, Jaws* and *The Empire Strikes Back*—have earned their producers and distributors around $200 million each.

Undoubtedly, these hefty "rentals" (gross profits returned to the studios) are distorted by inflation; in real-dollar terms, *Gone With the Wind* remains the alltime box-office champ *(see chart).* But inflation has also bloated the budgets of recent movies. During an earlier spending spree in the '60s, Hollywood produced ten films with $20 million-plus budgets. Considering a dozen years of the incredible shrinking dollar, even *Heaven's Gate* cost less than *Tora, Tora, Tora* (1970) or *Hello, Dolly!* (1969). If the Elizabeth Taylor *Cleopatra* ($44 million in 1963) were made today, it would cost $110.6 million.

Like most of the runaway-budget movies of Old or New Hollywood, *Cleopatra* was a producer's—not a director's—folly. But then, producers are supposed to spend money on movies, yachts and beautiful women; directors are supposed to toil in their ateliers creating works of art that make other people money. The legend of the wastrel director has its root in this assumption. The Young Punks have earned far more money for their employers than they have wasted; and like most overpriced movies, theirs have eventually broken even or turned a profit. But the price in frayed emotions and aborted careers can be high. In the words of Ned Tanen, president of Universal Pictures

(1941, The Blues Brothers): "Life is too short to pray every night for a smash hit just to get your money back."

When a studio executive does get down on his knees, he prays to the young. As Art Murphy, a veteran *Variety* reporter and the industry's unofficial historian, observes, "People go to the movies—and, even in the coming age of full-service home video, will continue to go—because it gets them out of the house." Frank Price, 50, president of thriving Columbia Pictures (*The Blue Lagoon, Stir Crazy*), calls movies "a dating phenomenon." Who goes on dates? Who goes to the movies? Overwhelmingly, the young: 76% of all moviegoers are between the ages of twelve and 29. Some are even younger: *Popeye* made $45 million of its gross from discriminating film lovers under twelve.

These are facts of an industry's life, not its death. Hollywood may be a company town—as Scorsese notes, "Everything is geared to turning out the product"—but United Artists is not Chrysler. This gaggle of statistics can act as balm to the harried film maker's brow, but is unlikely to stanch the malaise. If Hollywood is conducting business as usual, few people seem enthusiastic about the enterprise. Robert Redford, 43, whose directorial debut, *Ordinary People*, is the odds-on favorite in the Oscar sweepstakes, asserts that the industry's "obsession with demographics has produced mass-market films—and people finally get used to what they're fed." Universal's Tanen, 49, sees today's audience as "young, cynical, smart-ass and jaded." Paramount's Barry Diller, 39, who has the longest tenure of any current top studio boss (six years), shrugs and says, "We are in a relatively uninteresting period. It goes in cycles."

Columbia's Price frets that the studios are "run by the three A's: accountants, attorneys and agents." Stan Kamen, who represents Warren Beatty, Barbra Streisand, Michael Cimino and a dozen other heavyweights, and whose William Morris Agency is sent 2,500 scripts a year, counters that "ex-agents are running major studios. They were packagers. They know how these deals are made. Half the Hollywood movies today are packaged or semipackaged by agents." Diller agrees ruefully: "This town is Deal City. Do you know the amount of time spent on deals instead of what the movie is? I hate the whole process."

If the chairman of Hollywood's smartest studio does not have fun making deals, what are those visionary mavericks Coppola and Lucas doing playing the game —indeed, setting up their own studios? For one thing, it allows them to buy control of their films. With the profits from *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, Lucas, 36, could probably buy control of every film in Hollywood and have enough left over to pick up an MX missile: he is said to be worth more than $100 million. He is building a model-village production plant—a sort of Disney World for cineastes—in Northern California's Marin County. He has seven more *Star Wars* movies in mind. And he has just produced an adventure film by another strong director: Spielberg's *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Spielberg is proud that their picture was completed under schedule and within the budget: $19 million. "Lucas was to me what David O. Selznick was to his directors on *Gone With the Wind*. I respect his comments totally. *Raiders* proved that two people can make a movie together and remain friends." The film will be released this June.

"Lucas has a bank called *Star Wars*," notes Spielberg, 33. "Coppola doesn't have a bank—only courage and fortitude. Chutzpah too: his Zoetrope Studios is preparing more than a dozen challenging projects, despite the fact that Coppola nearly went bankrupt just a month ago. The mini-mogul, who drives a mini-limo, a customized black Volkswagen Rabbit with dark tinted windows, admits that it is hard to keep one eye on the artistic horizon and the other on the bottom line. "Film makers are not necessarily good administrators. And the concept of the studio is vitally important. But the majors understand the selling of films more than the making. Zoetrope is based on the new technology. We're in the vanguard of the electronic revolution, and I want the other studios to copy us. They can make excellent pictures and a lot of dough too."

At the moment, Zoetrope—where Coppola is shooting his $23 million musical drama *One from the Heart*—is a futuristic anachronism. The technology is indeed new: computerized storyboards, video-taped rehearsals and pre-editing on video rather than film. But the concept of actors and artisans under contract recalls the studio system that flourished for 40 years and died out in the '60s. Can Zoetrope work? Can it be profitable? Will a dozen cantankerous directors chafe under the effusive rein of an *auteur*-mogul? Many people in the New Hollywood, including some of Coppola's competitors, hope he makes it. Others are more skeptical. Says Ned Tanen: "Francis has all the answers. Too bad someone doesn't give him the questions."

Ray Stark, for one, wishes Coppola well. The producer of *Funny Girl*, seven Neil Simon movies and the $35 million film of *Annie*, says of Coppola: "I respect him as a creator. He's a fine writer and director. His problem is that he wants to be a mogul. I tell him, 'Francis, there hasn't been a mogul in 20 years.' In the old days Samuel Goldwyn or Darryl Zanuck found material, selected a director, discovered stars. But the age of the great producer is over." If there is no great producer, there is surely a strong one: Stark. "I'm the director's conscience," he says. "Directors know they can't do what they want at whim. We arrive at a happy medium."

Martin Scorsese with Star Robert De Niro at ringside for the shooting of *Raging Bull*

Martin Scorsese agrees on the need for a creative producer—in his case, on *Raging Bull*, the team of Robert Chartoff and Irwin Winkler. "When you're so close to a picture, you tend to lose perspective," Scorsese says. "You need someone near by who loves you—not to yell at you but to help you along. They act as a buffer between us and the studio so that we don't feel the squeeze as much."

Raging Bull was nominated for eight Academy Awards (tied for top honors with *The Elephant Man*, directed by Film-School Graduate David Lynch), and Scorsese professes surprise at his film's success. He calls it "a kamikaze film: I went in thinking it could well be my last studio-financed film. The rising costs of film production could make studios opt for pictures with big budgets and bigger box-office potential—and the more independent, individual films, like *Raging Bull* and *Ordinary People*, won't get made."

Robert Redford, who will be competing with Scorsese on Oscar night, shares

Here's the problem:

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his concern. "I'm afraid that the next four years will see a narrowing of focus, the same old systems being depleted, rather than a real search for new solutions. When movie executives decide what projects to undertake these days, they look at their hand calculators rather than responding to their gut feelings." Sitting in his Manhattan office, Redford exudes both the glamour of an Old Hollywood star and the cost concern of a New Hollywood mini-mogul. He's proud of his record as head of Wildwood Enterprises —and willing to open his books to the public.

"You want figures, right?" he asks. "O.K.: *Downhill Racer* cost $1.8 million to make. *Jeremiah Johnson*, $3.5 million. *The Candidate*, $1.6 million, with a 41-day shooting schedule. *All the President's Men* cost $7.8 million, largely due to Government interference and paranoia. *Ordinary People* came in for about $6.3 million. So it is still possible to make films at a reasonable cost. You just have to work at it." As director of *Ordinary People*, Redford worked for scale ($52,000), and his entire cast was paid $600,000. "Even the crew took cuts. This mutuality of chance-taking gave the film the look I wanted: the feeling of hunger, of people willing to try things."

Robert Benton, 48, the writer-director of last year's Oscar winner and surprise box-office smash *Kramer vs. Kramer*, agrees that the challenge is to work on small budgets (*Kramer* cost $6.6 million). "The cost of movies is astronomical now," he says, "and that's dangerous. It makes it difficult to take creative risks. If it continues, fewer pictures will get made. With stakes so high, directors can't afford to fail. I just don't know how Hollywood will bounce back. The person who comes up with the answer has my nomination for the Nobel Prize."

To predict Hollywood's future, it helps to be both Cassandra and John the Baptist. Most of the major directors see a timid few years ahead, followed by the explosion of technological liberation. Benton hopes "Coppola is right: that the software revolution will increase the demand for material and change the structure of film making." Redford is convinced that "with the cable market opening up, we need a larger supply of film makers, a wider range of options." To this end, he has established the Sundance Institute of Film and Video in Provo Canyon, Utah, which holds its first session this June. Says Redford: "I'm hoping that our program will help people realize you don't have to go into the mainstream in order to survive."

Figures are in millions and reflect only the U.S.-Canadian market.

Film title with year of release	Cost of production	Cost in 1980 dollars	Rental income to distributor	Income in 1980 dollars
TOP MONEY-MAKERS				
1. **Star Wars,** 1977	**$13.1**	$16.4	**$175.7**	$220.0
2. **Jaws,** 1975	**12.0**	16.7	**133.4**	186.1
3. **The Empire Strikes Back,** 1980	**22.0**	22.0	**120.0**	120.0
4. **Grease,** 1978	**6.2**	7.2	**96.3**	112.4
5. **The Exorcist,** 1973	**10.0**	16.8	**88.5**	148.4
6. **The Godfather,** 1972	**6.2**	11.0	**86.3**	153.1
7. **Close Encounters,** 1977	**21.0**	26.3	**82.7***	103.5
8. **Superman,** 1978	**35.0**	40.8	**82.5**	96.3
9. **The Sound of Music,** 1965	**8.2**	19.6	**79.7**	190.4
10. **The Sting,** 1973	**4.3**	7.2	**79.0**	132.4
11. **Gone With the Wind,** 1939	**4.9**	30.0	**76.7**	283.5
12. **Saturday Night Fever,** 1977	**3.7**	4.6	**74.1**	92.8
TOP MONEY SPENDERS				
1. **Cleopatra,** 1963	**44.0**	110.6	**26.0**	64.4
2. **Star Trek,** 1979	**42.0**	45.8	**56.0**	61.0
3. **Heaven's Gate,** 1980	**36.5**	36.5	**.04***	.04
4. **Raise the Titanic,** 1980	**36.0**	36.0	**6.8**	6.8
5. **Superman,** 1978	**35.0**	40.8	**82.5**	96.3
6. **Apocalypse Now,** 1979	**31.0**	33.8	**30.0**	32.7
7. **Moonraker,** 1979	**30.0**	32.7	**33.9**	37.0
8. **The Blues Brothers,** 1980	**30.0**	30.0	**31.3**	31.3
9. **1941,** 1979	**27.0**	29.4	**23.4**	25.5
10. **Waterloo,** 1971	**25.0**	46.2	**1.4**	2.6
11. **Tora! Tora! Tora!** 1970	**25.0**	48.5	**14.5**	28.1
12. **Flash Gordon,** 1980	**25.0**	25.0	**9.5***	9.5

Source: Variety *Figures are not complete

Already film makers are leaving Hollywood, at least geographically, to survive and thrive. George Lucas presides over a contingent of resourceful directors in the San Francisco area. And New York, which lost its production-center supremacy to California 65 years ago, is again nourishing film makers. Benton, Brian De Palma and Woody Allen all live and work in New York. And if *Ordinary People* cops the top Oscar, it will be the seventh consecutive Best Picture directed by a man who grew up or lives in New York.

But the New Hollywood need not be New York, or Marin County, or anywhere. The art industry is a state of mind —a gorgeous hallucination dreamed by a few inventive writers, ambitious directors, daring producers and caring studio bosses. It is a dream that can still seize the world's imagination on a screen. And it is not a new dream. In 1919, when D.W Griffith, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks deserted the studios to form United Artists, one executive declared: "The lunatics have taken charge of the asylum." That wasn't—and isn't—a bad thing. To make films, it helps to be cost-conscious. But to make a difference, you've got to be a little movie-mad

—By Richard Corliss. Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York and Martha Smilgis/Los Angeles

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Viva Verdi! Viva Verdi!

Attila *storms City Opera, new* Traviata *bows at the Met*

Samuel Ramey plays the Hun at City Opera

Even a genius needs practice to bring his talent into full flower. Beethoven, for example, had to get two fairly conventional symphonies under his belt before he revolutionized the form in the *Eroica*. Wagner, the creator of the German music-drama, required four false starts before he produced *The Flying Dutchman*. Giuseppe Verdi, the greatest of Italian opera composers, was no exception. Before *Rigoletto*, his first masterpiece, there came 16 other works, most of which have languished in obscurity for years.

No longer. The Verdi revival of the past decade has focused on the early operas; all but three are now available on records, and enterprising opera companies are putting works like *Oberto* and *Giovanna d'Arco* on the stage. At the New York City Opera, *Attila* has taken the State Theater in a blaze of barbaric splendor: the composer's ninth opera, it stands revealed as an uneven but vivid work. Those with more traditional tastes in Verdi could go across Lincoln Center to the Metropolitan Opera, which last week introduced a handsome new production by Tanya Moiseiwitsch of *La Traviata*.

Attila is one of Verdi's patriotic operas. Set in A.D. 452, when the Huns were at the gates of Rome, it was wildly successful at its 1846 premiere in Venice. A line in the prologue inflamed the imagination of a people yearning for national unification: "You can have the universe," sings Ezio, a Roman general, to Attila, "but leave Italy to me." In Risorgimento Italy, these were fighting words, and audiences recognized them as such.

The score has two powerful moments that foreshadow the composer's mature style. The first comes in the opening, when the heroine Odabella (Soprano Marilyn Zschau) confronts Attila (Bass Samuel Ramey), who has just killed her father and razed her city, Aquileia. In a fiery aria laced with coloratura, she swears vengeance. Around her a chorus of barbarians praises Attila's conquests. The scene is an early example of the art of dramatic juxtaposition perfected at the end of the third act of *Otello*, with Iago gloating over his fallen master as the Venetians outside sing the Moor's praises.

The second occurs at the close of the first act. An old man appears to Attila in a dream, barring the Hun's way to Rome. "You are appointed as scourge only against mankind," he tells him, in tones that forecast the Grand Inquisitor in *Don Carlos*. "This is the territory of the gods." When Attila encounters the man—historically, Pope Leo I—in the flesh, he hears the same words, set to the same melody, which Verdi has also used in that scene to raise the curtain on Attila's uneasy slumber. The act ends with a majestic chorus in which the Italians sing of their coming triumph while Attila prostrates himself in fear. Although the rest of the opera is largely conventional, these two episodes make *Attila* well worth reviving.

Ramey's lithe, athletic figure and rich, commanding voice dominated the action; the fine bass, one of the company's rising stars, was every inch the barbaric chieftain. Zschau electrified the opening-night audience with her first aria, but her big soprano is still not fully under control. Sergiu Comissiona conducted with a sure sense of pacing, pushing the big scenes and relaxing in the more lyrical moments, although his tendency to cut off phrase endings was as ruthless as if he were Attila cutting off heads. The production, with bold costumes by Hal George—perhaps the best single element—has already been seen in Chicago and travels to San Diego in 1984.

The best thing about the Met's new *Traviata* is Colin Graham's direction, full of sensible details: a nervous, bumptious Alfredo (Tenor Placido Domingo) being encouraged to sing his first-act *brindisi*, the guests at Violetta's party peeking through curtains as their hostess (Soprano Ileana Cotrubas) and Alfredo gaze lovingly into each other's eyes; the elder Germont (Baritone Cornell MacNeil) arriving uninvited at the home of Flora (Ariel Bybee) in his street clothes—not, as he is usually seen, in formal evening wear.

Cotrubas sang beautifully, and wisely avoided any interpolated leaps into the stratosphere at the end of *Sempre libera*. Yet Violetta is not Mimì; she needs more dramatic backbone. Domingo, the most versatile tenor in Italian opera today, was in top form as Alfredo, but even the modest demands of Germont are now beyond Veteran MacNeil.

It remains to be seen whether works like *Attila* will join warhorses like *Traviata* in the repertory. Probably they will not: of the operas that precede *Rigoletto*, the Met, for example, has staged only four. But it is important to hear these pieces if the repertory is not to become stultified. To understand how Verdi arrived at his great flourishes of genius like *Don Carlos* and *Otello*, it helps to know where he came from. ■

Cotrubas, Bybee and Domingo sing the *brindisi* in the first act of the Met's *Traviata*

The early drafts of genius help to illuminate the later masterpieces

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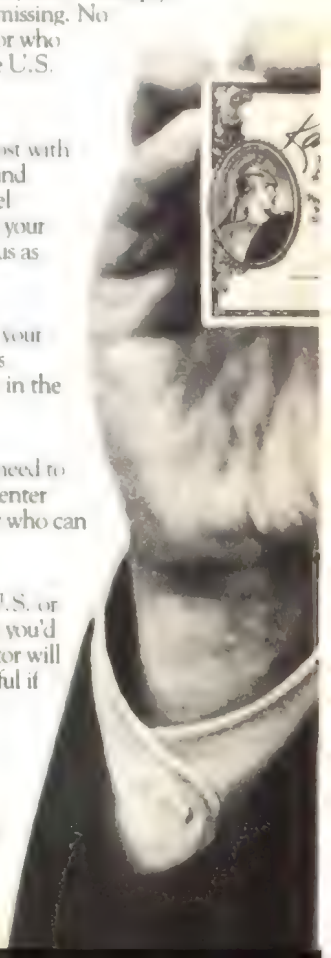

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The Long Way to Broadway

Her film career becalmed, Liz Taylor soars onstage

Ordinarily, conversation stops when a curtain goes up. But there is nothing ordinary about the current revival of *The Little Foxes*, and when the lights dim, audiences begin to buzz, like crickets waiting for dusk. "Where is she? How does she look? Has she lost weight?" Only when she has been onstage for five or ten minutes, do the whispers stop and the answers become clear: in her first stage role, Elizabeth Taylor looks beautiful, gorgeous, radiant. In a word, sensational. "I'm on a high," she admits. "I have a sense of accomplishment, a feeling of doing something useful in my life." Raising her shoulders in a kind of happy shiver, she adds "And the applause is wonderful!"

Like a monarch, that earlier Elizabeth perhaps, she has been making her triumphal progress up the East Coast, with waves of that wonderful applause echoing in her ears. Fort Lauderdale's Parker Playhouse, where the production began Feb. 27, was sold out for three weeks. Washington's Eisenhower Theater at the Kennedy Center has been booked for six weeks, and when the play opened there last Thursday, much of the Government, including President Reagan and Vice President Bush, were out front. There were three curtain calls, and Reagan and his wife Nancy went backstage to congratulate the cast and the star.*

The same happy scenario seems likely to be followed on Broadway, where the opening is May 7. The night after an ad appeared in the New York *Times*, a line began forming outside the Martin Beck Theater; before the week was out nearly $1 million worth of tickets had been sold. Producer Zev Bufman was already making plans to extend the New York run through Labor Day, nine weeks past the previously scheduled July 4 closing date, then take the production to New Orleans, Los Angeles and possibly London as well. "She's the hottest draw I've ever seen!" he exulted. "The tension is building. It's as if every night is an opening." Even Playwright Lillian Hellman, who had refused to allow her *Foxes* to come to Broadway with other stars, has joined the Taylor fan club. "I've turned down a great many offers before this one," she says. "But Elizabeth is the right person at the right age at the right time."

For Taylor, 49, the character of Regina Giddens, the turn-of-the-century Southern beauty, is also the right role at the right age at the right time. *Foxes* may be a turning point in her career, propelling her toward the stage rather than the screen. After 58 movies in 39 years, her film career seems to be becalmed, if not begone. In the past ten years many of her pictures, from *X Y & Zee* to *The Mirror Crack'd*, have sunk from sight with little more than a gurgle of wasted dollars.

As Regina Giddens in Lillian Hellman's play *The Little Foxes*

There are more problems. Every time she has gained a pound, there has been a jokester somewhere to remind her, often savagely. ("This woman has more chins than a Chinese phone book," says Comedian Joan Rivers in a not at all funny pay cable television special.) Though she has turned the other way in public, the jokes have not gone unheard. "I don't think it's anybody's damn business how much I weigh," she says, her anger breaking through the shield she puts up between herself and anyone who plans to quote her. "But talking about it seems to be a national pastime. And that cheeses me off!"

But all that was before Bufman persuaded her to do Hellman's play about Regina and her greedy brothers. Sometime between last fall and the first of the year, 20 lbs. or so were lost through dieting and long walks at her 1,800-acre estate in the Virginia hunt country near Washington. "This person has extraordinary discipline," says her husband, Virginia's Republican Senator John Warner, who describes himself, in nautical terms, as her anchor to windward. "She very carefully monitored that situation. It was part diet, but nine-tenths determination."

Both Taylor and Bufman were concerned that her voice would not carry into the balcony. Lauren Bacall recommended a voice teacher to her, and Bufman told his sound man to be prepared to outfit her with a body mike. Neither was necessary, and her voice easily travels to the back rows. People who supposedly knew her in Hollywood warned the producer to expect trouble. Fearing the worst, he spent $125,000 for a six-month, all-protection insurance contract at Lloyd's of London. "I've learned my lesson," he now confesses. "She's always reliable." Director Austin Pendleton says that he had prepared himself to "teach her the mysteries of acting onstage. But I didn't have to. She has a stage presence, and I think she always has had."

The others in the cast and crew are no

A star greeting a star in Washington

Right person, right age and right time

*Reagan had the theater on his mind last week. He called Dan Sullivan, drama critic of the Los Angeles *Times*, to say he hoped that a new musical, produced by his old friend Buddy Ebsen, would be playing until the President had a chance to see it. The title may have accounted for some of his interest. It is *Turn to the Right*.

less enamored. "Everybody's crazy about her," says Maureen Stapleton, who plays Birdie, Regina's pathetic sister-in-law. "Ah, Elizabeth," adds Tom Aldredge, who plays Horace, her husband. "I know actors who started on Broadway and then went into the movies who wouldn't dare step back on a stage. But here's a woman who has never been on a stage before and has so much to risk. Yet she's so quick that I can't believe she's not a stage actor. She gives back what you give to her—fire to fire—and that's very exciting."

At least three superb actresses have played Regina: Tallulah Bankhead in the 1939 original, Bette Davis in the 1941 movie and Anne Bancroft in the 1967 revival. Warm and womanly, Taylor may be the closest to the character that the author had in mind. "I rather like her approach," says Hellman. "Regina has frequently been played too much as a villainess." As Elizabeth plays her, Regina is as much victim as victimizer, a woman trapped into doing ugly things by her time, place and boundless aspiration. "There are people who can never go back, who must finish what they start," she says in the last scene. "I am one of those people."

So is Taylor. "A lot of people thought that I wouldn't actually go through with this play," she says. "But once I make up my mind to do something, I do it. I go in the direction that I point myself toward. I don't let circumstances do it for me."

There is pride and an odd kind of defiance in her voice, and at such moments those famous violet eyes look as blue and forbidding as arctic ice. Much has been written about those eyes, but it has not been noted how quickly they can move up and down the Fahrenheit scale, from a sultry 85 or so to a frigid ten below zero. Some of the chill is shyness. When she was younger she used to go to parties and hide in the shadow of her second husband, Michael Wilding. One night Humphrey Bogart told her to sit by herself and make people come to her. She did—and people now hover around her—but a trace of that early reticence remains nonetheless. Part of her reserve is a learned, animal response to prying reporters. "I have a great respect for my privacy," she says, "and the only way I can keep myself private is by not being too open. I once opened up to Hedda Hopper, and she stuck a knife in my ribs. That taught me."

But when the eyes are flashing violet —which in her case means go—she could melt an igloo. During the three weeks in Fort Lauderdale, the loud, rollicking laughter from her dressing room backstage almost brought down the roof. "I know," she says, somewhat abashed when it is mentioned to her. "Noël Coward told me once that my laugh is like a drunken sailor's on leave. But when I get to know somebody and can let my hair down, I am a boisterous, raucous, down-to-earth, no-nonsense lady. I live life with a zest. It has never been dull for me, and I don't anticipate that it ever will be." *—By Gerald Clarke/Fort Lauderdale*

Religion

And They Knew Not Joseph

An 1844 paper raises doubts about the Mormon succession

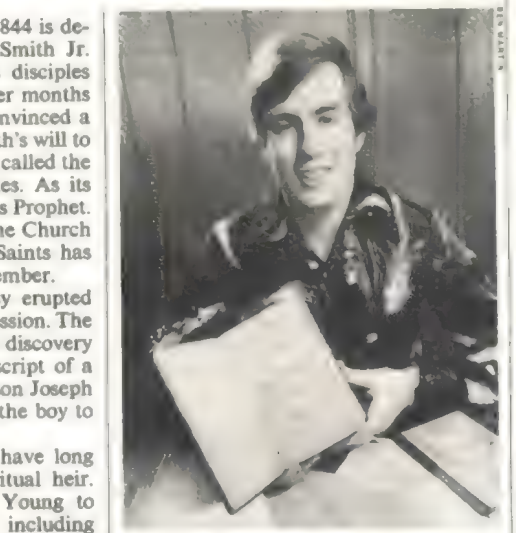
In Mormon history the year 1844 is decisive. The Prophet Joseph Smith Jr. was killed in Illinois, and his disciples were plunged into turmoil. After months of arguing, Brigham Young convinced a majority of the flock it was Smith's will to give control to an inner council called the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. As its head, Young succeeded Smith as Prophet. Ever since, the presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has passed to the senior Quorum member.

Last week new controversy erupted over the legitimacy of that succession. The dustup results from the chance discovery of what appears to be a transcript of a blessing given by Smith to his son Joseph III. In it the Prophet declares the boy to be his chosen successor.

Some of Smith's disciples have long felt the son was his true spiritual heir. Though a majority followed Young to Utah, some stayed behind, including Smith's mother, widow and brother. Joseph Smith III, only eleven when his father died, eventually became head of the largest dissident group, the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Based in Independence, Mo., this church has always been led by direct descendants of the Prophet, currently Great-grandson Wallace B. Smith, 51.

Mormons—only the Utah group uses that name—acknowledge that the Prophet may have given a special blessing to his eldest son, but they doubt that it amounted to an anointment. Besides, there was no documentation. At least not until last month, when a dealer in Mormon antiques, Mark Hofmann, 26, of Sandy, Utah, purchased a collection of papers from a descendant of Smith's secretary, Thomas Bullock. One of the documents, dated Jan. 17, 1844, contained a text of Smith's blessing, including these crucial words: "... the anointing of the progenitor shall be upon the head of my son, and his seed after him, from generation to generation. For he shall be my successor to the Presidency of the High Priesthood: a Seer, and a Revelator, and a Prophet, unto the Church; which appointment belongeth to him by blessing, and also by right ..."

Hofmann showed a photocopy of the single sheet of blue-lined white paper to Mormon Church Archivist Donald Schmidt, who displayed only mild interest. Hofmann incorrectly assumed that the church already had a copy. But when he consulted a historian of the Missouri church, the Utah establishment suddenly decided to acquire it from the dealer in exchange for other historic books and papers. Last week, as word of the document's existence finally became public, officials of the two rival churches made a surprise announcement: the Smith blessing was being turned over to the Reorganized Church in a trade for an 1833 Mormon book worth up to $20,000.



Discoverer Mark Hofmann with Mormon texts "He shall be Seer, Revelator and Prophet."

Prophet Joseph Smith Jr.

For the 224,000-member Missouri group, the testament is a highly welcome acquisition since it fortifies a major tenet of faith. In an official statement, President Smith and other leaders of the Reorganized Church said that the document "confirms the historical view" it has always held about the church succession. Historian D. Michael Quinn, of the Mormons' own Brigham Young University, put it even more bluntly: the terms of the blessing "mean only one thing in the Mormon Church, that Joseph Smith III would be president of the church."

But Utah Mormon officials had a much cooler reaction. Earl Olson, assistant managing director of the Mormons' historical department, says that the discovery requires little or no "re-evaluation" of how the 4.7 million-member church picks its leaders. In other words, the rival groups probably will continue to go their separate ways. ■

Prickly but Imperiled Species

The hardy cactus may be doomed by rustlers and smugglers

In March, when the wild cactus bursts into flower throughout the Southwest, Joe Abrigo's business also blossoms. Owner of an adobe trading post and bar near the ghost town of Terlingua, Texas, Abrigo, a 43-year-old Anthony Quinn lookalike, is one of a network of entrepreneurs along the Mexican border who are engaged in the lucrative if often shadowy business of buying and selling cactus plants wholesale. In summer, when demand hits its peak, a cactus trader may ship thousands of the plants in a week. They wind up in plastic pots at supermarkets or in the homes and gardens of the well-to-do, from Nagasaki to New York to Nuremberg. The trouble is that many cacti. While national preserves like the huge (1,100 sq. mi.) Big Bend National Park are protected by federal law, they are nonetheless havens for botanical bootleggers. "We don't know the numbers of cacti that are coming out of the state," sighs Dennie Miller, executive director of the Chihuahuan Desert Research Institute. "It could be a million a month."

Even in Arizona, which has the nation's toughest plant-protection law and pistol-packing lawmen to back it up, cactus rustlers make away with an estimated $500,000 to $1 million worth of plants each year. Among them: the giant saguaro (pronounced sah-*war*-o), Arizona's state flower, which grows to 50 ft. or more.

Near the Rio Grande, a Texas trader packs rainbow plants newly culled from the desert

"The cactus family may be the most endangered species of all major groups of plants."

of the plants are taken and transported illegally. Says California Botanist Lyman Benson, a leading authority on cacti of the Southwest: "The cactus family may be the most endangered species of all major groups of plants." Cactologists list 90 native kinds as endangered or threatened. Even the commonest specimens, like the rainbow, rattail and small-barrel cacti, are swiftly disappearing from some areas.

Many of the plants that reach markets in the U.S., Europe and Japan are smuggled across the Rio Grande River from Mexico, where peasants have stripped vast areas of Hidalgo and San Luis Potosí states almost bare of fragile and beautiful species. As a result, nearly 30 kinds are considered virtually extinct in Mexico, and 250 more are imperiled. Some choice species that sell for a few dollars each south of the border may fetch $50 or $60 at a Los Angeles nursery. Texas has no state law prohibiting the harvesting of The fruit of the saguaro is an important food source for practically all desert birds and is used as well by humans to make preserves and, yes, cactus wine.

The California desert adjoining Arizona has been picked almost clean of saguaro, red-barrel cacti and other species. It takes a cactus-naper 15 min. to uproot a plant that may have taken more than a century to develop. And the frail root systems of most big cacti seldom survive the shock of transplanting. Plant experts in Arizona estimate that their cactus population, a major part of the flora, will virtually have disappeared in three or four decades. Though scientists do not entirely understand the full role of *Cactaceae* in the delicate ecology of the desert, they do know that the plants are vital to the survival of many animals.

The 2,000 species of cactus,* all of which are natives of the Western Hemisphere, have been coveted by European collectors since 1777, when a Spanish botanical expedition brought back specimens from Peru. The Germans, Japanese and Americans are considered the most avid—and ruthless—collectors. In March 1979, a group of West Germans returning from a "botanical study" tour of Mexico were found to have 6,000 cactus specimens—many belonging to a dozen threatened species.

The 1973 Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES), ratified by the U.S. and 66 other nations (but not Mexico), has not helped much in reducing the depredations. Though the treaty's aim was to regulate the trade in rare and protected species, few signatory nations have customs officers with sufficient botanical knowledge to distinguish saguaro from sassafras. One solution would be stronger enforcement of existing laws that prohibit removal, transportation and sale of imperiled plants. But conservationists face a prickly task in persuading lawmakers to vote funds to save the cactus, which cannot compare in political sex appeal with such threatened creatures as the whooping crane and the blue whale. *—By Michael Demarest. Reported by Robert C. Wurmstedt/Lajitas*

*The name comes from *kaktos*, Greek for thistle

Peanut Envy

Fighting the goober crunch

However thin you spread it, peanut butter is in short supply and increasingly expensive as a result of last summer's drought in the producing states. The impending sandwich crisis may be averted, however. From Texas, which also helps fill the oil gap, comes a substitute spread that sticks to roofs of mouths as fondly as the real stuff. Made from organically grown glandless cotton nut kernels mixed with 15% peanut oil, the American nut butter is higher in protein and lower in calories than peanut preserve. The Madeleine & Charlotte's brand, available in chunky salted and creamy unsalted varieties, is already selling in West Coast supermarkets for $1.49 per 16-oz. jar (*vs.* $2.35 for 18 oz. of goober butter). Texas ranchers are putting their money where the chunky clings by planting 55,000 acres of the hybrid cotton seed. Jelly supplies remain firm.

Another alternative to peanut butter is sunflower spread. It has the texture and appearance of peanut butter and sells for $1.99 per 18-oz. jar. In addition to roasted sunflower seeds, ingredients include hydrogenated rape seed, which is commonly fed to birds and is said not to stick to beaks. As for the flavor, both cottonseed and sunflower spreads compare to the real thing like, say, California sauternes to Château d'Yquem. ■

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GORKY PARK *by Martin Cruz Smith. Random House; 365 pages; $13.95*

Under the softening April snow of Moscow, red and blue flowers make their first appearance. They are accompanied by a more somber revelation: three bodies, frozen for months, their faces mutilated, their fingertips removed: deleted corpses, dead souls. It is an unpromising beginning for Chief Homicide Investigator Arkady Renko. But it is an auspicious opening for *Gorky Park*, the first thriller of the '80s with polish, wit and moral resonance.

Despite his country of origin, Arkady is not the customary exotic beloved by lending-library readers. For too long, detective fiction has been populated with deliberately unusual sleuths—omniscient priests and wonder rabbis, black, Oriental and Indian investigators whose ethnicity is more important than their cases. If Arkady has any equivalent it is George Smiley, the resolutely unglamorous star of John le Carré's spyworks. Like Smiley, Arkady has an inconstant wife; like him he is beset with interdepartmental intrigue and divided loyalties.

The crucial difference is not Arkady's comparative youth or passion, it is his theater of operation: the dark side of Europe, where private murder is regarded as a violation of a state monopoly. Indeed, the detective is quickly elbowed aside by officials of the KGB—the Soviet secret police. Arkady is not wanted here; these are no common killings. But then, this is no ordinary investigator. Son of an embittered general, indifferent party member, all too aware of disparities in Soviet society, he runs contrary to official wishes, pursuing his quarry through Politburo corridors and down provincial streets. It is a lethal quest. The three corpses are soon joined by others, some innocent, some who seem to have tumbled from Stalin's overcoat.

Novelists of intrigue like to base their works on those who, in T.S. Eliot's phrase, are "much possessed by death/ And [see] the skull beneath the skin." Martin Cruz Smith reverses the process. His hero takes a skull and, with the aid of an ethnologist, builds a face around it, the way Peking man was constructed from shards of bone. A woman's identity rises from the remains, and her murderer is traced. Here Smith wrings another change: his hero is an open-faced Soviet investigator, and his villain is a voracious capitalist, the American John Osborne, who deals in a unique commodity, sables. Pound for pound the animals are worth more than gold, but they are caged a world away from Western fur markets. Osborne intends to smuggle his live cargo across the border and breed them in the U.S. All who interfere are terminated with extreme prejudice.

The Kremlin towers loom in the wintry dark of Moscow

Private murder can be a violation of a state monopoly.

All except Arkady and a beautiful, damaged actress named Irina. Her sexual connection with Osborne is extended to include the detective, an isosceles triangle with points ranging from the Kremlin to Leningrad to an obscure island named Staten in the strange and hazardous city of New York. In the process, Smith provides a Dostoyevskian cast of characters: William Kirwill, a renegade Catholic policeman visiting Moscow to find the murderer of his radical brother; Andreev, a dwarf who can sculpt personalities out of carrion; Zoya, the gymnast, Arkady's humorless wife who parrots jawbreaking propaganda ("So it is shown that childless or one-child families, superficially suitable to working parents in the urban centers of European Russia, are not in the greater interest of society if we starve the future of Russian leaders"); Major Pribluda, a farm boy turned KGB thug who knows more about the seasons of the soil than he does about the workings of the heart; General Renko, Arkady's father, a corroded figure kept alive by the recollection of barbaric triumphs and contempt for his son's pity.

In the closed world of the thriller it is axiomatic that character is action. When the characters act for themselves, *Gorky Park* maintains its credibility and force. Only at the end, when the lines of Soviet intrigue are played out, does Smith allow action to rule character. In New York the story degenerates to shootout, and authenticity gives way to violence and the requisite antiromantic finale.

It hardly matters. Beneath its contrivances, *Gorky Park* provides a rich social context and a knowledgeable portrait of Eastern Europe, wars and all. It is an arena rank with hypocrisy, where May Day quotas are filled by automobile workers banging in screws with hammers; where the old starve and the young drink too much; where a black market in gasoline, used cars and *objets d'art* overmatches its Western counterpart; where suicide is disguised—who would take his own life in paradise? Yet it is also a place where dissidence is the badge of the patriot, and protesters underline Maxim Gorky's observation: "The Russian people learned to make sorrow a diversion . . . made a carnival of grief; a fire is enter-

Excerpt

"'In battle gear I followed Stalin to Mayakovsky Station and stood by his side to hear his greatest speech, words that turned the Fascist tide even as they shelled the city overhead . . .' His hand shot out to restrain Arkady from going. 'I gave you a name like that, and you come here, a petty detective, to ask about a coward who spent his war hiding in packing cases? Some common snoop, is that all you are?'

Arkady rose, more exhausted than he could have imagined, and stumbled on the way to the library door. 'You'll come again?' the general asked. 'It's good to talk.'"

Books

tainment; and on a vacant face a bruise becomes an adornment."

This is no small achievement for any novel. For what is essentially an espionage tale, it is a signal for rejoicing. In Arkady Renko, the U.S.S.R. finally has an exportable sleuth. In Martin Cruz Smith, 38, the U.S. at last has a domestic Le Carré. *—By Stefan Kanfer*

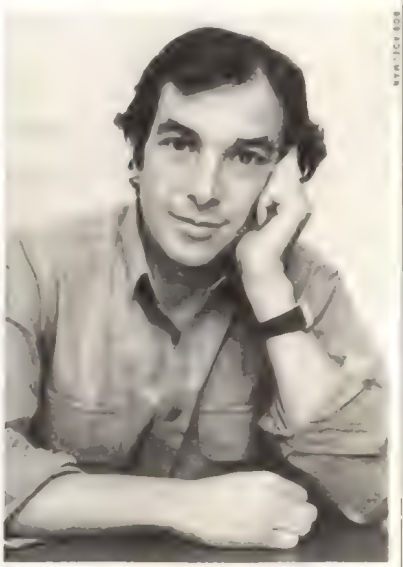
▪ ▪ ▪

When he was producing stories for men's magazines like *Male* and *Stag*, Martin Cruz Smith once watched a colleague waltzing down the hall waving a check for six figures and wearing "a grin that met in the back of his throat." Recalls the author: " 'One day,' I thought, 'I'll be doing the same dance as Mario Puzo.' "

It was a sound prophecy. *Gorky Park* has already earned $1 million before publication. The income, Smith insists, has made little difference. He has no plans to move from his 4½-room Manhattan apartment; his daughters, 11 and 9, still go to the same neighborhood school, and his wife Nell remains a part-time chef for a catering service. "The only perceptible changes," he says, "are a new chair without yellow tape to hold the stuffing in —and the fact that we're having another baby. The typewriter is the same, and I'm still learning my craft."

That education began in Philadelphia, where Smith found the rudiments of writing in the work of his parents, both jazz musicians. "I found that you could improvise all you wanted if you had a strong structure."

After graduation from the University of Pennsylvania, where he studied English, Smith became "the worst correspondent the A.P. ever had. Every time someone held up a pie-shaped chart of the state



Martin Cruz Smith

Doing the same dance as Mario Puzo.

budget I fell asleep." For the next 15 years, he made his living by writing some 30 inconsequential novels and innumerable short stories under a variety of aliases, including Simon Quinn, Jake Logan and Nick Carter. None bore much resemblance to their originator, an intense long-distance runner whose coloring and physiognomy "display a classic mix of genes —my mother is mostly Pueblo Indian and my father is straight out of an Andy Hardy movie."

Those origins occasionally surface in the Smith *oeuvre*—one book posits a U.S. in which the Indians beat the Cavalry; others feature a gypsy detective. Ironically, the least autobiographical of his heroes is also the most successful one, possibly because Arkady Renko took eight years to create. "The research in Moscow consumed only two weeks," says Smith. "I applied for a return trip, but the U.S.S.R. refused me. So I turned to the vast resources of New York: scores of émigrés and dissidents. I actually found myself with too much information."

Smith is now in the process of collecting data for his next novel, set in the Sunbelt. It is, once again, a thriller. "The format," he feels, "is inexhaustible. We don't need farfetched plots: 'What if the President were a midget and his wife were a man?' All we have to do is ask, 'What if the President were Ronald Reagan? What if the leadership of Russia were over 80?' The drama is there. All we have to do is get it down on paper." ■

Travelogue

CREATION
by Gore Vidal
Random House; 510 pages; $15.95

Although he has dabbled elegantly in many literary forms, Author Gore Vidal is probably most impressive as a historical novelist. Not only does he do his homework, but he can make old facts look like contemporary gossip. And he takes wicked pleasure in turning accepted notions about the past upside down. *Julian* (1964) strikes a blow for paganism and the Roman Emperor who tried to halt the spread of Christianity. Both *Burr* (1973) and *1876* (1976) portray the U.S. founding fathers and their successors in distinctly unheroic postures. *Creation* opens on a similarly iconoclastic note. Vidal's target this time is the Athens of Pericles, the cradle of Western democracy.

The vehicle for this latest goring is Cyrus Spitama, 75, emissary of the Persian King Artaxerxes, miserably stationed in Athens "amongst a people as cold and windy as the place itself." When he hears Herodotus lecture at the Odeon, Cyrus decides that the Greek historian has concocted a thoroughly slanted account of the so-called Persian Wars and that it is up to him to set the record straight. Because he has gone blind, Cy-

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Books

Gore Vidal

Conducting a survey of ancient thought

rus enlists his nephew Democritus as amanuensis. "So make yourself comfortable," he tells the young man. "I have a long memory, and I shall indulge it."

Vidal fans might, at this point, expect a typically witty send-up of Herodotus and of classical Greece in general. But though he gives the Athenians the back of his hand whenever possible, Cyrus the narrator really has several other missions on his mind. He wants to tell the story of his long life and his decades of service to the Persian Kings Darius the Great and Xerxes. Even more urgently, as a grandson and the last descendant in the male line of the prophet Zoroaster, Cyrus feels obliged to argue theology, to devise an acceptable theory for the creation of the universe and to account for the existence of evil within it.

Pursuing these different ends, Cyrus produces a vast narrative, a virtual travelogue of the 5th century B.C. His services to the Persian Empire involve extensive travels throughout the known world. He goes to India to secure new supplies of iron for Darius and then to far-off Cathay (China), where he is usually treated as a slave instead of an ambassador. His peripatetic existence throws him constantly into the presence of the powerful and influential. He meets, among others, Buddha, Confucius, an array of Indian mystics and holy men, Pericles, Thucydides, Sophocles. He knows people who knew Pythagoras and Aeschylus. During his last years in Athens, Cyrus hires a young mason to repair a wall. His name is Socrates.

This parade of celebrities is undeniably diverting, but Cyrus is often content to characterize the notables he meets by their names alone. Their singularity rests in who they were, not in how they are described in this narrative. Similarly, Cyrus' spiritual quest for the meaning of life is rendered as a series of set-piece seminars: one sage gives his philosophy, and then Cyrus goes off to seek another, who does the same. For long stretches, the narrator seems to be conducting a survey of ancient thought à la Will Durant: "As I understand Pythagoras—and who does in his complex entirety?—he thought that the single unit was the basis of all things. From the single unit derives number. From numbers, points. From points, lines of connection. From lines, planes and, hence, solids. From solids..."

Such passages are rarely dull, but they do produce a peculiar lifelessness in the novel as a whole. There is little to propel the reader forward except the expectation of more information. Vidal provides a multitude of incidents but no strong plot to bind them together. Cyrus abjures suspense; he has the habit of introducing characters by telling what finally happens to them first. Aside from the old man's large memory, *Creation* is unified by a single irony: Cyrus tells of his search for religious certainty to the person who will one day become an eminent philosopher of materialism. Near the end, Democritus interjects: "Matter is all. All is matter." According to his secretary, then, Cyrus spent his life pursuing phantoms.

The readers of this novel are more fortunate. Whatever its flaws, *Creation* offers a leisurely guided stroll through a complex era. The book is encyclopedic enough to be short on intrinsic pattern; it is also filled with information, oddities and wonder.

—By Paul Gray

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Covenant, *Michener (1 last week)*
2. Brain, *Cook (2)*
3. Masquerade, *Williams*
4. Answer as a Man, *Caldwell (5)*
5. Firestarter, *King (3)*
6. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (4)*
7. The Key to Rebecca, *Follett (6)*
8. Come Pour the Wine, *Freeman (9)*
9. Unfinished Tales, *Tolkien (7)*
10. The Midwife, *Courter*

NONFICTION

1. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons (1)*
2. Cosmos, *Sagan (3)*
3. Nice Girls Do, *Kassorla (2)*
4. The Last Mafioso, *Demaris (5)*
5. Paper Money, *Smith*
6. The Sky's the Limit, *Dyer (8)*
7. You Can Negotiate Anything, *Cohen (4)*
8. Nothing Down, *Allen (7)*
9. Best Evidence, *Lifton*
10. How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowry*

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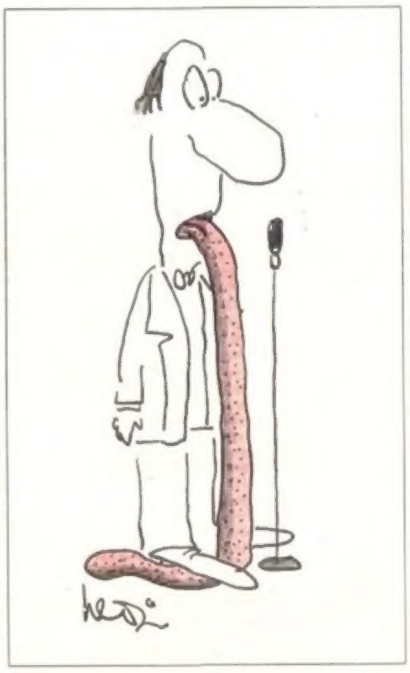
Oops! How's That Again?

"That is not what I meant at all. That is not it, at all."
—T.S. Eliot, *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*

At a royal luncheon in Glasgow last month, Businessman Peter Balfour turned to the just-engaged Prince Charles and wished him long life and conjugal happiness with Lady Jane. The effect of the sentiment was compromised both by the fact that the Prince's betrothed is Lady Diana (Spencer) and that Lady Jane (Wellesley) is one of his former flames. "I feel a perfect fool," said Balfour, who was unnecessarily contrite. Slips of the tongue occur all the time. In Chicago recently, Governor James Thompson was introduced as "the mayor of Illinois," which was a step down from the time he was introduced as "the Governor of the United States." Not all such fluffs are so easy to take, however. During the primaries, Nancy Reagan telephoned her husband as her audience listened in, to say how delighted she was to be looking at all "the beautiful white people." And France's Prime Minister Raymond Barre, who has a reputation for putting his *pied* in his *bouche*, described last October's bombing of a Paris synagogue as "this odious attack that was aimed at Jews and that struck at innocent Frenchmen"—a crack that not only implied Jews were neither innocent nor French but also suggested that the attack would have been less odious had it been more limited.



One hesitates to call Barre sinister, but the fact is that verbal errors can have a devastating effect on those who hear them and on those who make them as well. Jimmy Carter never fully recovered from his reference to Polish lusts for the future in a mistranslated speech in 1977, nor was Chicago's Mayor Daley ever quite the same after assuring the public that "the policeman isn't there to create disorder; the policeman is there to preserve disorder." Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy, Spiro Agnew, Gerald Ford, all made terrible gaffes, with Ford perhaps making the most unusual ("Whenever I can I always watch the Detroit Tigers on radio"). Yet this is no modern phenomenon. The term *faux pas* goes back at least as far as the 17th century, having originally referred to a woman's lapse from virtue. Not that women lapse more than men in this regard. Even Marie Antoinette's fatal remark about cake and the public, if true, was due to a poor translation.

In fact, mistranslation accounts for a great share of verbal errors. The slogan "Come Alive with Pepsi" failed understandably in German when it was translated: "Come Alive out of the Grave with Pepsi." Elsewhere it was translated with more precision: "Pepsi Brings Your Ancestors Back from the Grave." In 1965, prior to a reception for Queen Elizabeth II outside Bonn, Germany's President Heinrich Lübke, attempting an English translation of *"Gleich geht es los"* (It will soon begin), told the Queen: "Equal goes it loose." The Queen took the news well, but no better than the President of India, who was greeted at an airport in 1962 by Lübke, who, intending to ask, "How are you?" instead said: "Who are you?" To which his guest answered responsibly: "I am the President of India."

The most prodigious collector of modern slips was Kermit Schafer, whose "blooper" records of mistakes made on radio and television consisted largely of toilet jokes, but were nonetheless a great hit in the 1950s. Schafer was an avid self-promoter and something of a blooper himself, but he did have an ear for such things as the introduction by Radio Announcer Harry Von Zell of President "Hoobert Heever," as well as the interesting message: "This portion of *Woman on the Run* is brought to you by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia." Bloopers are the lowlife of verbal error, but spoonerisms are a different fettle of kitsch. In the early 1900s the Rev. William Archibald Spooner caused a stir at New College, Oxford, with his famous spoonerisms, most of which were either deliberate or apocryphal. But a real one—his giving out a hymn in chapel as "Kinquering Kongs Their Titles Take"—is said to have brought down the house of worship, and to have kicked off the genre. After that, spoonerisms got quite elaborate. Spooner once reportedly chided a student: "You have hissed all my mystery lectures. In fact, you have tasted the whole worm, and must leave by the first town drain."

Such missteps, while often howlingly funny to ignorami like us, are deadly serious concerns to psychologists and linguists. Victoria Fromkin of the linguistics department at U.C.L.A. regards slips of the tongue as clues to how the brain stores and articulates language. She believes that thought is placed by the brain into a grammatical framework before it is expressed—this in spite of the fact that she works with college students. A grammatical framework was part of Walter Annenberg's trouble when, as the newly appointed U.S. Ambassador to Britain, he was asked by the Queen how he was settling in to his London residence. Annenberg admitted to "some discomfiture as a result of a need for elements of refurbishing." Either he was overwhelmed by the circumstance or he was losing his mind.

When you get to that sort of error, you are nearing a psychological abyss. It was Freud who first removed the element of accident from language with his explanation of "slips," but lately others have extended his theories. Psychiatrist Richard Yazmajian, for example, suggests that there are some incorrect words that exist in associative chains with the correct ones for which they are substituted, implying a kind of "dream pair" of elements in the speaker's psyche. The nun who poured tea for the Irish bishop and asked, "How many lords, my lump?" might therefore have been asking a profound theological question.

On another front, Psychoanalyst Ludwig Eidelberg made Freud's work seem childishly simple when he suggested that a slip of the tongue involves the entire network of id, ego and superego. He offers the case of the young man who entered a restaurant with his girlfriend and ordered a room instead of a table. You probably think that you understand that error. But

Illustrations for TIME by Arnis Levin

Essay

just listen to Eidelberg: "All the wishes connected with the word 'room' represented a countercathexis mobilized as a defense. The word 'table' had to be omitted, because it would have been used for infantile gratification of a repressed oral, aggressive and scopophilic wish connected with identification with the preoedipal mother." Clearly, this is no laughing matter.

Why then do we hoot at these mistakes? For one thing, it may be that we simply find conventional discourse so predictable and boring that any deviation comes as a delightful relief. In his deeply unfunny *Essay on Laughter* the philosopher Henri Bergson theorized that the act of laughter is caused by any interruption of normal human fluidity or momentum (a pie in the face, a mask, a pun). Slips of the tongue, therefore, are like slips on banana peels; we crave their occurrence if only to break the monotonies. The monotonies run to substance. When that announcer introduced Hoobert Heever, he may also have been saying that the nation had had enough of Herbert Hoover.

Then too there is the element of pure meanness in such laughter, both the meanness of enjoyment in watching an embarrassed misspeaker's eyes roll upward as if in prayer —his hue turn magenta, his hands like homing larks fluttering to his mouth—and the mean joy of discovering his hidden base motives and critical intent. At the 1980 Democratic National Convention, Jimmy Carter took a lot of heat for referring to Hubert Humphrey as Hubert Horatio Hornblower because it was instantly recognized that Carter thought Humphrey a windbag. David Hartman of *Good Morning America* left little doubt about his feelings for a sponsor when he announced: "We'll be right back after this word from General Fools." At a conference in Berlin in 1954, France's Foreign Minister Georges Bidault was hailed as "that fine little French tiger, Georges Bidet," thus belittling the tiger by the tail. When we laugh at such stuff, it is the harsh and bitter laugh, the laugh at the disclosure of inner condemning truth.

Yet there is also a more kindly laugh that occurs when a blunderer does not reveal his worst inner thoughts, but his most charitable or optimistic. Gerald Ford's famous error in the 1976 presidential debate, in which he said that Poland was not under Soviet domination, for instance. In a way, that turned out to contain a grain of truth, thanks to Lech Walesa and the strikes; in any case it was a nice thing to wish. As was U.N. Ambassador Warren Austin's suggestion in 1948 that Jews and Arabs resolve their differences "in a true Christian spirit." Similarly, Nebraska's former Senator Kenneth Wherry might have been thinking dreamily when, in an hour-long speech on a country in Southeast Asia, he referred throughout to "Indigo-China." One has to be in the mood for such a speech.

Of course, the most interesting laugh is the one elicited by the truly bizarre mistake, because such a mistake seems to disclose a whole new world of logic and possibility, a deranged double for the life that is. What Lewis Carroll displayed through the looking-glass, verbal error also often displays by conjuring up ideas so supremely nutty that the laughter it evokes is sublime. The idea that Pepsi might actually bring one back from the grave encourages an entirely new view of experience. In such a view it is perfectly possible to lust after the Polish future, to watch the Tigers on the radio, to say "Equal goes it loose" with resounding clarity.

Still, beyond all this is another laugh entirely, that neither condemns, praises, ridicules nor conspires, but sees into the essential nature of a slip of the tongue and consequently sympathizes. After all, most human endeavor results in a slip of the something—the best-laid plans gone suddenly haywire by natural blunder: the chair, cake or painting that turns out not exactly as one imagined; the kiss or party that falls flat; the life that is not quite what one had in mind. Nothing is ever as dreamed.

So we laugh at each other, perfect fools all, flustered by the mistake of our mortality.

—By Roger Rosenblatt

Milestones

DIVORCED. Carl Sagan, 46, astronomer, author and star of the PBS TV series *Cosmos;* and Artist **Linda Sagan,** 38; after twelve years of marriage, one son; in Los Angeles. Sagan, who separated from Linda 3½ years ago, plans to marry Novelist Ann Druyan in June.

DIED. Peter H. Dominick, 65, Colorado Republican who spent two years in the U.S. House of Representatives and twelve years in the Senate and who served in 1975 as the U.S. Ambassador to Switzerland; of a heart attack; in Hobe Sound, Fla. A staunch conservative and anti-Communist who was proud of his efforts to preserve the American wilderness, the Yale-educated Dominick was elected to the House in 1960 and to the Senate two years later, retaining his seat until he was defeated in 1974 by Democrat Gary Hart. Dominick was appointed U.S. Ambassador to Switzerland the next year by President Ford, but served only seven months before multiple sclerosis forced him to resign.

DIED. Eleanor Perry, 66, screenwriter who collaborated with her then husband Director Frank Perry on *Diary of a Mad Housewife* (1970) and *David and Lisa* (1962), and who won Emmy Awards for the TV screenplays for *A Christmas Memory* and *The House Without a Christmas Tree;* of cancer; in New York City. A feminist who fought the Hollywood stereotype of women as victims and sex objects, she divorced Perry in 1971, and eight years later published a novel, *Blue Pages,* describing the exploitation of a female screenwriter by her film-maker husband.

DIED. Paul ("Daffy") **Dean,** 67, pitcher who helped lead the St. Louis Cardinals to the world championship in 1934, winning 19 games in the regular season and two more against the Detroit Tigers in the World Series; of a heart attack; in Springdale, Ark. An Arkansas farm boy whose career was overshadowed by that of his Hall of Fame brother "Dizzy," he compiled a lifetime record of 50-34 with an earned-run average of 3.75. Frankie Frisch, who was the Cardinals' second baseman and manager in 1934, once said that Daffy threw the "damndest, heaviest sinker you ever saw. When a batter hit one of those pitches, his hands stung as painfully in July as if he'd swung an icicle in December."

DIED. René Clair, 82, pre-eminent French director who used surrealism and satire to limn the absurdities of human behavior in such classic films as *Paris Qui Dort* (1923), *Entr'acte* (1924), *Le Million* (1931) and *A Nous la Liberté* (1932); of a heart attack; in Neuilly, France. Clair made several English-language movies in the U.S. during World War II, including *I Married a Witch* (1942) and *It Happened Tomorrow* (1943), before returning to France to direct films, write novels and in 1973 produce *Orphée et Eurydice* at the Paris Opéra. Clair once said: "A girl and a gun always succeed. But the great masters D.W. Griffith and Charlie Chaplin never needed that combination. I never did either."

DIED. Metropolitan Ireney, 88, former primate of the Orthodox Church in America, who headed its 1 million-member congregation from 1965 to 1977; of a heart attack; in New York City.

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King—Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic. 100's—Only 5 mg. tar, 0.4 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack: Less than 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine; 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.